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LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ As we go to press, two facts come to our attention as if to prove that the world does move, even though philosophers still argue that change may not necessarily turn out to be progress.

▶▶ One of the largest chain stores in the country, reaching nearly every housewife, announces that, as a result of a nice little calculation, they have found out that the wheat situation will be solved if every person in the country eats one bushel of wheat. In order to make this, at first sight, rather appalling task a trifle easier on the digestion, they suggest that each person merely eat three extra slices of bread per day. At which rate the wheat surplus will soon disappear. The price of a loaf of bread, they hasten to add, is here and now correspondingly reduced, so that any suspicion of self-interest may be removed. In other words, low prices of commodities begin at last to be passed on to the long suffering consumer. The end of the depression comes in sight.

▶▶ The other fact which startles us into comment is the statement to up-State New York Drys by Stanley High, Editor of the *Christian Herald,* Prohibition Stalwart, that "some mighty fine people" are behind the movement for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Coming from such a source, this brings tears to our eyes, accustomed as we are to being cast into outer darkness with the charge that like other Wets we are merely "brewery supported," and "sinister," and consecrate our children to the Devil every morning, with, no doubt, whisky on the porridge instead of milk.

▶▶ Is it possible that the light of intelligence and maturity is at last beginning to break upon some of the embattled Drys, with the result that sane discussion of the liquor problem as a problem of government, will soon replace the bogey waving to the ignorant which has characterized the movement so far? Certainly it is a step in the right direction when Drys begin to grant to Wets the same sincerity and purity of motive which the Wets have always frankly granted to the Drys.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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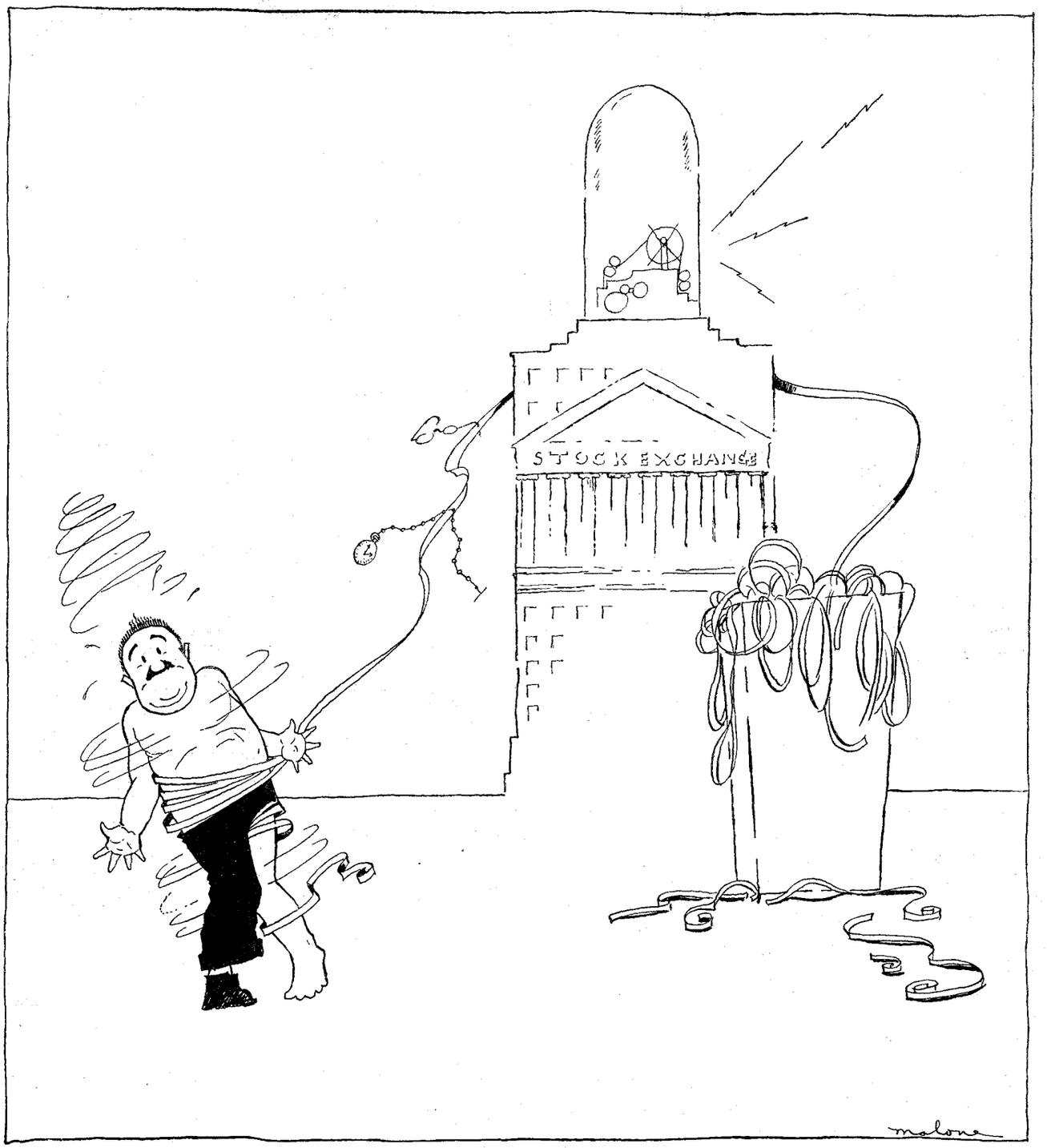

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

October 22, 1930

The Trend of Events

Naval "Economy"

REPORTS from Washington leaving the impression that Secretary Adams is presenting the country with a smaller and less expensive navy should be read with tongue in cheek. True, the recently ordered naval reorganization, announced by the Naval Department and based on the plans of Admiral Pratt, provides for the scrapping or retirement of many shopworn vessels, the reduction of personnel by 4,800 after hearing protests against throwing men out of work in these times of widespread unemployment, the cutting of enlistments from 400 to 200 monthly and the saving of $3,440,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931. But the noteworthy thing is that the reorganization is temporary. It will cost us one billion dollars—$989,460,000, says the Navy General Board—if we are to attain the maximum strength permitted us under the London Naval treaty. Compared with this colossal sum, a saving of a few million dollars is simply not worth considering. As for the reduction in personnel, President Hoover assures us that it is merely a "readjustment," to be achieved by deaths and resignations.

When the next session of Congress opens, the big gun and armament men will be out in force, urging us to construct every last cap-pistol allowed us at London. If Congress lends them deaf ears, if it refuses to build up to the naval treaty maximum, it will be saving money. The difference between $989,460,000 and the sum actually spent from 1931 to 1936 will represent the saving. We trust that this difference will be a large one, and it may, since the country, already suffering from a severe pain in the pocketbook, will not be eager to aggravate it with whopping expenditures for the navy. But for the present all one can say is that the navy has plans to save a few million dollars and to spend a billion. If this is economy, then it is also economy to put a penny in Junior's bank and order an Isotta-Fraschini.

Vote Wet

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT supports, and urges its readers in these states to support, the following wet key candidates:

In Connecticut, for governor, Wilbur L. Cross.

In Delaware, for senator, Thomas F. Bayard.

In Illinois, for senator, James Hamilton Lewis.

In Maryland, for governor, Albert C. Ritchie.

In Massachusetts, for senator, Marcus A. Coolidge; for governor, Joseph B. Ely.

In Montana, for senator, Albert J. Galen.

In New Jersey, for senator, Dwight W. Morrow.

In New York, for governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In Ohio, for senator, Robert J. Bulkley.

In Pennsylvania, for senator, Sedgwick Kistler; for governor, John M. Hemphill.

In Rhode Island, for senator, Peter Goelet Gerry.

The success of these candidates in the election of November 4 will help to ring down the curtain on the farce-tragedy of prohibition.

Pollyanna Prophets

ON SEPTEMBER 22 Secretary of Commerce Lamont said that business as a whole had stopped declining and that some features were distinctly encouraging. On September 27 Assistant Secretary of Commerce Klein saw a fairly good chance that the country would be out of the depression by the end of October. On October 4 Julius Barnes of the Hoover business advisory committee said that the drop in commodity prices appeared to be near its end; that with a turn in this trend there should develop more business activity and more business confidence . . . . Two days later, on October 6, the stock market fell more severely than it had fallen in two months.

On October 9 Secretary of Labor Davis predicted that we would soon emerge from this period of depression and enter a new and lasting period of prosperity . . . . On the same day the average price of fifty representative shares tumbled about six dollars.

On October 10 Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee declared that "our complete recovery should not be long delayed." . . . . On October 11 stock prices fell again.

This sort of thing has been going on ever since the closing weeks of 1929. The result has been to destroy public confidence in all prosperity predictions from official sources. In view of this fact, would it be too much to ask that these pollyanna prophets forevermore hold their peace?

Knowing About France

LEON BAILBY, editor of *L'Intransigeant*, has come to this country to buy printing

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presses and tell Americans about France. "There is no lack of good-will toward France in America," he says, "but a regrettable lack of up-to-date information. I wish that the American people would make an effort to understand us."

We'd love to, of course. Especially if it means trips to Paris. Yet we wonder if M. Bailby is entirely correct when he says that Americans do not understand France. Everything we know about France has been told us by Americans, and very learnedly, too.

All Americans know, for instance, that nobody gets his mail at the American Express Company any more, because it's so full of Americans. That nobody goes to Montmartre any more, for the same reason. That the Folies Bergères is staged exclusively for tourists and that far racier entertainment is to be found by snooping around on one's own. That the large, expensive watering-places are dully Americanized and therefore to be avoided. Ditto the large, expensive hotels. That the way to know France and to impress your friends with your knowledge is to stop at small, chilly hotels without benefit of plumbing, search out dingy, unheard-of restaurants where the onion soup is superb and Madame is a character, pass up Sam's, the Opera and the Louvre, and quote idiomatic bits from casual conversations with taxi-drivers, concièrges, street urchins and bums.

What more is there is know about France than that?

▸▸*British Nations Divide*

TO UNDERSTAND THE SPLIT in the Imperial Conference at London one must understand the essential difference between the two groups in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Economically the two are as far apart as industrial Pennsylvania and agricultural Nebraska. In the first group are the dominions—Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India—producing raw materials, building up and protecting new industries behind tariff walls. In the second is the United Kingdom, buying, rather than producing, raw materials, keeping her industries alive with a free trade policy allowing few deviations.

When the conference opened the problem before the two groups was to find some means of relieving their common economic distress. To this end, Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere offered their empire free trade plan, proposing to raise tariff walls around and lower those within the empire. The plan had met with no little public favor in the United Kingdom. Although its proposal of a high tariff wall around the empire contradicted the traditional English policy of free trade with all nations, the scrapping of walls within the empire promised to open valuable dominion markets to English manufacturers. Unfortunately for this plan, the dominions would have none of it. While they believed that they stood to gain

International

PREMIER BENNETT
Representing Canada at Imperial Conference in London

by higher tariffs against goods from outside the empire, they decided that they could not afford to lower their tariffs on goods from inside the empire. That, they concluded, would place their infant industries in unprotected competition with the mature industries of the United Kingdom.

Speaking for all the dominions, Premier Bennett of Canada then threw the conference into a furore with a fifteen-minute address. He was ready enough to raise a tariff wall around the empire but he refused to level tariff walls within it except when this would be beneficial to the dominions. Let's raise a wall against outsiders, he said in effect, and behind it bargain among ourselves for concessions. The proposal found no favor with the Labor government, first, because the Laborites cling to the free trade policy, and, secondly, because Prime Minister MacDonald and Chancellor Snowden saw that the Bennett plan would make England pay more for her raw materials without making it easy for her to scale the dominion tariff walls.

Thereupon came a hunt for a way around the impasse. The Labor government had a proposal that British nations set up import boards to buy empire goods abroad in bulk. Apparently unacceptable to the dominions, the plan at best seemed mild medicine for the grave economic ills of the British nations.

▸▸*English Election Move*

STRANGELY ENOUGH, the Labor government's opposition to the Bennett plan did open one possible avenue to closer economic union within the British Commonwealth. For seventeen months Premier MacDonald has been striving to keep his own party solid and to maintain a working alliance with the Liberals, who hold the balance of power in Parliament and can turn out the MacDonald ministry at will. Meanwhile Stanley Baldwin, Conservative leader, has been sitting on the sidelines, pining for an issue on which to go before the people in a general election.

He found it in the Bennett plan. Mr. Baldwin believes that his country is ripe for political change. English trade has slumped since he resigned as Premier in June, 1929, while unemployment figures have jumped to 2,000,000. They are now twice as large as they were in the campaign months when Mr. MacDonald was promising relief for the jobless. Moreover, Mr. Baldwin of late weeks has been bending ever more sharply toward protection. Hence, while Premier MacDonald delayed an answer to the Bennett proposal, the voice of Mr. Baldwin was heard crying that, "whatever the Socialist government may do, the Conservative party accepts the principle put forward with such weight and unanimity." The Conservative party, he said, "will formulate its own proposals for carrying this principle into effect and will submit them to the people at the next election."

Mr. Baldwin's outburst prolonged the confusion produced by Mr. Bennett. Political experts wondered if the general election would come this fall or

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next spring and speculated as to whether the Liberals, who believe in free trade religiously, would support the Conservatives in forcing an election on the issue of protection. Mr. MacDonald is apparently unworried. He has assailed Mr. Baldwin for making a political issue of the conference and has dared him to seek tariff votes from free-trading Britons. At any rate, the Conservatives wanted an election slogan and they've got one.

To Americans the chief interest of the situation is that the adoption of any economic-union plan based on the Bennett, empire free trade or import board proposals would seriously impair our foreign trade.

The Centralia Tragedy

THE COMMITTEE representing the Federal Council of Churches, National Catholic Welfare Commission and Central Conference of American Rabbis has completed its investigation of the Centralia tragedy of 1919. Apparently the investigators made a fair and thorough job of it. Certainly they had no prejudice in favor of the I.W.W. defendants. Yet here is the story told in their report:

Three weeks before Armistice Day, 1919, the business men of Centralia, Washington, held a mass meeting and agreed upon a plan to wreck the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World and drive the members from town. There had been one raid on the hall already. When, on the morning of November 11, the attorney for the I.W.W. warned his clients that a second raid was planned, they determined to defend their hall with firearms.

That afternoon the American Legion held a parade which halted before the I.W.W. headquarters. Some of the legionnaires interpreted the halt as a sign to rush the hall. They rushed and were met with a deadly fusillade. One legionnaire was killed, another mortally wounded. Furthermore, Warren C. Grimm, Legion Commander, was shot to death as he stood at the head of the parading column.

Members of the I.W.W. found in the hall were taken prisoners. One, fleeing with wounds, was lynched. Eleven were placed on trial for conspiracy to kill Commander Grimm. The defendants denied the charge of conspiracy and pleaded self-defense. The record, however, "practically established" that the shot which killed Grimm had been fired from outside the defended building. Under the law of Washington, this exploded the plea of self-defense. Hence seven I.W.W. members were convicted, given sentences of from twenty-five to forty years, and laid away in Walla Walla penitentiary. Six of them are there to this day.

With striking restraint the investigators conclude that, while the defendants were legally guilty of a crime, the "crime was not premeditated and was committed under decidedly extenuating circumstances, in the light of which the sentences seem very severe." They seem very severe indeed.

Wide World

KNUTE OF NOTRE DAME

knuterockne

THE KNUTEROCKNE SEASON is here again in red, green and violet jerseys. The newspaper surveys, the sweatshirt weeks, the players' tussles with nicotine, the first games with toothpick foes have all gone the way of the yacht races, World Series and international polo. Now we have the real, honest-to-goodness, fur-coated Saturdays when iron men play through knuterockne classics with splintered ribs and break their hearts over fumbles.

You can't escape knuterockne merely by staying away from the stadiums, jammed with millions of frenzied fans applauding a thousand brilliant backs, ignoring ten thousand aggressive forwards, never guessing that Stalwart Sam (r.g.) died for Shenandoah as Galloping Jim (l.h.) crossed the last white line for God, for country and for Duke. It's knuterockne here, there and everywhere—shouting on the radio, staring from rotogravure sections, scrimmaging through the newsreels. A mystery team in the Western Conference, a Mexican team invading the South, a new Knute stadium at South Bend, and who knows what in Los Angeles. Why, there's indoor knuterockne at Atlantic City, night knuterockne all over the country, and $15-a-seat knuterockne in the lairs of all the animals from the Michigan Wolverines to the Florida Alligators.

It's much the same old game, though Yale loses to Georgia, and Princeton to Brown and Harvard plays a fullback named Schereschewsky. There are the trains already chartered for Thanksgiving, the full-flasked students, the empty-flasked alumni, and the girls, prettier than ever this year, who make undergraduates miss first touchdowns and then fall in love with handsome captains. And, sure enough, there are the "crooked" referee, the quarterback with an unerring toe, the shock troops, traditional rivalries, moral victories, valley, state, sectional and national championships, and, down South, the loyal old Negro janitors burying rabbits' feet under goalposts. It's much the same old game, though the Navy will not play the Army nor Harvard Princeton, though the posts are far behind the goal lines, and real dropkicks, like fighting fans and corn whisky in the water bucket, are conspicuous by their absence.

Another Atlantic Flight

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, the Atlantic has been flown again. The successful pilot is Captain Errol Boyd, first Canadian to make the trip in an airplane. Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen and Australians, American sailors, soldiers and merchants have all made the flight, with or without freak mascots, stowaways or women passengers. Probably it was Canada's turn.

Accompanied by Lieutenant Connor of the United States Naval Reserve, Boyd soared from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, with a Canadian maple leaf painted on each side of the Columbia's silver grey fuselage. In many respects their flight was typical. They were delayed several months by bad weather and by legal bickering over the plane, owned by Charles A Levine and used by him and Clarence Chamberlin on their

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1927 flight to Germany. Catastrophe was just around the corner at the take-off. The course to Croyden airport near London was strewn with clouds and winds. The plane carried no radio. But Captain Boyd and Navigator Connor curved across the Atlantic, the weather extorting priceless fuel until, with tanks low, they found haven on the Scilly Islands, off the southwest tip of England. There, until next day, they were, luckily still alive, twenty-four hours from Harbor Grace, three hundred miles from their destination.

The Boyd-Connor flight proved again what had been proved before, namely, that transatlantic airplane trips are possible but impracticable. At the present time, the proper field for airplane development does not lie in transatlantic service, but elsewhere, as was indicated a day before the Columbia took off at Harbor Grace. On that day, bearing pictures of the last World Series game in Philadelphia, Captain Frank Hawks flew to New York in twenty minutes, an unofficial record, delivering the pictures more quickly than it would have been possible to transmit them by telegraph. This commercially valuable flight was of greater importance than the latest hop across the Atlantic. Even Major Coste, who crossed westward in September, ended his American tour with word that transatlantic flying would become practical "when the weather finally becomes perfect." When saner words are said, we shall repeat them.

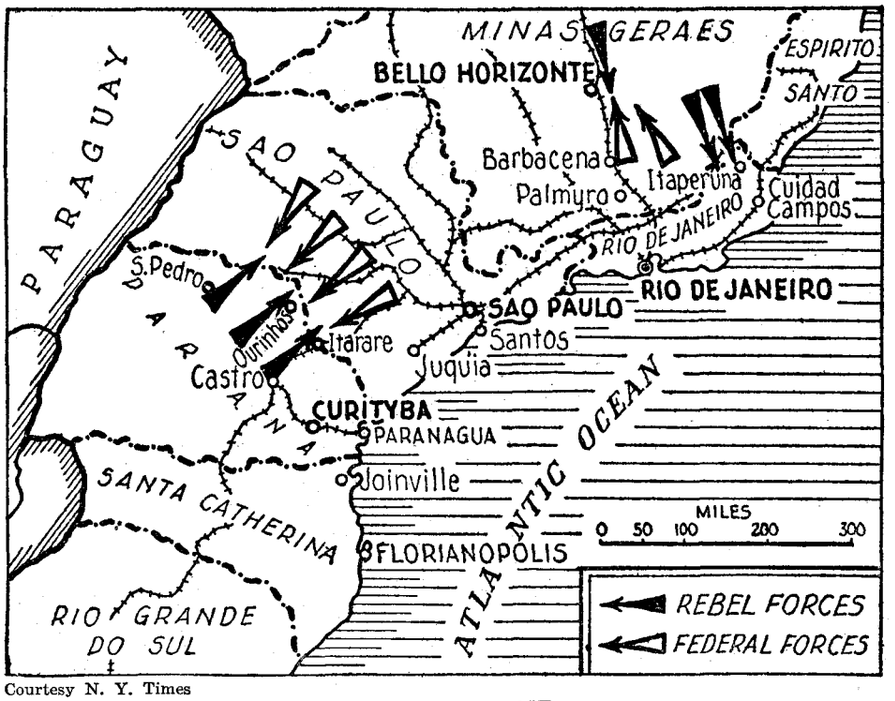
▸▸*Background in Brazil*

Neither Calvin Coolidge nor Gurgel do Amaral, Brazilian Ambassador at Washington, went far afield in comparing the Brazilian revolution to the American Civil War. Certainly the large-scale military operations in Brazil resemble the Virginia campaigns of the '60's more than they do the street fighting which has overturned other South American governments this year. This is not just another one of the perennial banana uprisings of the tropics.

Larger and more populous than all the rest of South America, larger than and nearly a third as populous as the United States, Brazil has had invincible governments for forty years. There have been revolutions, but none has succeeded since that summer morning in November, 1889, when troops marched through Rio de Janeiro to deposeEmperor Pedro II, whose predecessor had deposed Portugal a half century before.

The founding of the republic produced a new Brazil. Immigrants came streaming in, swelling the population from eighteen to forty millions in the last thirty years. Concurrently came economic changes, increasingly important coffee production, importation of foreign capital, development of native industries and erection of tariff walls. Rio de Janeiro became one of the great cities of the world; Sao Paulo became a city of 1,000,000 people, known as the Chicago of South America. Naturally this hot-house growth has withered during the depression of 1930.

Political development in Brazil has not kept pace with economic development. Until 1925 there was but one recognized political party, the Conservative Republican. The Democratic party, arising when the state of siege was lifted after the unsuccessful revolution of 1924, protested against the incompetence and dishonesty of the Republicans, but more fundamentally against the iron hand of the federal government bearing down on the states. Through the years the revolutionary spirit has persisted, especially in the states of Rio Grande do Sul and in Minas Geraes. The speed of its spread indicates that economic distress and political dissatisfaction are always dangerous foes of Latin-American dictatorships, even when, as in Brazil, they are supported by an army trained by Frenchmen and a navy trained by Americans.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

SOUTHERN FRONT

Map shows troop movements in northern Brazil and place where federals and rebels came face to face

▸▸*The Manoeuvres*

From the time of the first revolutionary manifesto, the military objectives of the Brazilian rebels have been the cities of Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. The advantage of taking Rio de Janeiro, the national capital, is obvious. Its fall would bring an end to the government of President Washington Luis Pereira de Souza and enable the rebels to gain their major political objective, which is to prevent the inauguration of Dr. Julio Prestes, Conservative President-elect, on November 15.

Sao Paulo is the key to the capture of Rio de Janeiro. Leading industrial community of South America and capital of the state of Sao Paulo, which pays forty per cent of Brazil's federal revenues, this city holds important railheads, including those of lines to Minas Geraes and Rio de Janeiro. As the revolutionists soon saw, the capture of Sao Paulo and hence the control of these railroads would mean, first, that the rebels of Rio Grande do Sul could unite with the rebels of Minas Geraes, and, secondly, that the Rio Grande armies could advance on Rio de Janeiro from the south while a Minas Geraes army moved toward that city from the north.

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So out of Rio Grande do Sul three rebel columns moved toward Sao Paulo, their forces of city police and state militia augmented by picturesque plainsmen and mountaineers carrying Mauser rifles, long sabres and brilliantly colored saddle blankets. The rebels—some reports said they number 40,000—swept through the states of Santa Catherina and Parana. They skirmished here and there, gained and lost small towns and won over hundreds of federal deserters before confronting the federal forces near the boundary between the states of Sao Paulo and Parana.

The federals had moved up quickly to defend Sao Paulo. Seeking to distract them from that defense, the Minas Geraes rebels had marched two armies toward Rio de Janeiro, but these thrusts only produced a federal counterthrust at Bello Horizonte, capital of Minas Geraes. Meanwhile the revolution had spread through the north. At the time of this writing the world awaited the battle for Sao Paulo, as essential to the federals as Verdun was to the French.

▶▶Mr. Morrow's Address

THAT WAS A first-rate address with which, on October 13, Dwight W. Morrow opened his campaign for senator in New Jersey. As usual, he met issues candidly, discussing them intelligently and plausibly. All parties, he said, have been wont "to credit themselves with whatever good times happened during their term of power, without looking for the deeper reasons that underlie the ebb and flow of prosperity." He added that any party which takes credit for the rain must not be surprised if its opponents blame it for the drought. But, he said, no Republican need shrink from a discussion of the present depression or the conduct of the Administration in regard to it. Thereupon he launched into a defense of the Administration, which made the best of a bad case, and which, though far from clinching, was the ablest we have encountered.

The high point of the address was, undoubtedly, the following: "Moreover, I have the right to say, especially in view of the wholly unauthorized statements that were made during the primary campaign this spring about my own position, that I look forward with pleasure and with confidence to the opportunity of voting two years from now for the renomination and re-election of Herbert Hoover." This statement does not remove Mr. Morrow from the political picture. It does, however, demonstrate that he is more shrewd than many of his supporters. Undoubtedly he realizes that it will be extremely difficult to prevent Mr. Hoover from renominating himself in 1932.

Mr. Morrow agrees with his Democratic opponent that prohibition is not an issue in New Jersey. There is, however, the issue of prohibition in its relation to Dwight W. Morrow. Mr. Morrow is the leader of the wet forces in the national Republican party, and a potential candidate for President, if not in 1932 then in 1936. His election as senator will be a heavy blow at the experiment which he forthrightly calls "a failure." We therefore trust that New Jersey's Independents will join with New Jersey's Republicans and give Mr. Morrow a smashing majority on November 4.

▶▶Claude's Power Plant

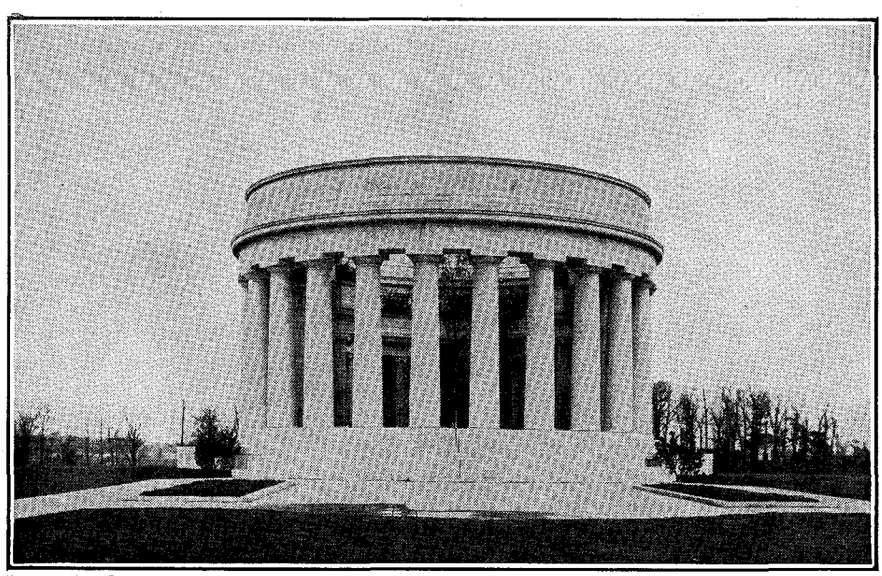
AFTER TWO FAILURES, the French inventor Georges Claude has at last succeeded in sinking his long iron pipe to the bed of Matanzas Bay, Cuba. He has also demonstrated that power may be derived from the difference in temperature between two layers of water. Scoffers at his project have therefore retreated one step; they now question whether the thing is economically practicable and point out that the recent lighting of some forty electric lamps with the power derived is a pitifully poor return on a million-dollar investment.

It is. But Claude is just beginning. Neither the steamboat nor the railway, the airplane nor the radio, sprang into perfected form the first day. It is probable that the experienced French scientist stopped to attach to the big tube a little laboratory plant (one he already had) merely to convince doubting Thomases that the plan was no dream either in theory or practice. The big tube in Matanzas Bay is capable of lighting a small city when a full-sized plant becomes available.

But here there may be a rub. So low is the steam pressure—a matter of ounces—furnished by the Claude method of generating power, that to obtain a satisfactory result it will be necessary to use turbines many times as large as high-pressure turbines of equal power. Some engineers, who from the start have accepted Claude's claims as to the principle involved, still question whether this big plant would pay a suitable return on the heavy capital outlay. Here is Claude's real problem. If he can work it out, much industry may ultimately move to the tropics. If he cannot, his method will remain an interesting laboratory experiment. Probably it will take a few years to discover which it is to be. Meanwhile, the public is showing less patience than the inventor.

▶▶Undedicated Memorial

THE IRE OF THE Harding Memorial Association is nothing if not understandable. There in the outskirts of Marion, Ohio, stands the million-dollar memorial, erected by the contributions of 500,000 people, visited each month by



International

STILL UNDEDICATED
The Harding Memorial, 57 feet long, 102 in diameter, at Marion, Ohio

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75,000 others. There it has stood while Presidents Coolidge and Hoover have shied from the privilege of dedicating it. No time has been a convenient time for this ceremony. In 1929 the President was embroiled with Congress; the year before there were elections; this year there are more elections.

To discourage presidential shilly-shallying, early in September a motion was introduced in the Ohio Republican convention inviting Mr. Hoover to stop over at Marion on his October trip to Cleveland. As the convention's presiding officer, the resourceful Senator Fess managed to shunt this firecracker to the Republican State Committee, which was empowered to hasten the dedication. Thereupon Miss Gertrude Jones, the committee's vice-chairman, plucked indirect word off the Washington grapevine that Mr. Hoover would be glad to dedicate the memorial, "either late this fall or early next spring" or some time, if properly invited and given a choice of several dates.

Fed up with delays and excuses, the association responded by deciding that, until Mr. Hoover expressed an earnest desire to dedicate the memorial, the memorial would remain undedicated. Before taking this action it listened to an orator declare that "It would cheapen the memory of a man most deserving to importune anybody to do his memory a simple justice." The Harding memorial, the orator said, "stands there and will stand there many years to come as a distinctive mark of respect to a great man and a great President. Now the American people as a people have never been swayed by the lip of libel or the tongue of slander, and their devotion to his memory and their judgment of his virtue and merit are the final answer and appropriate reward of his labors."

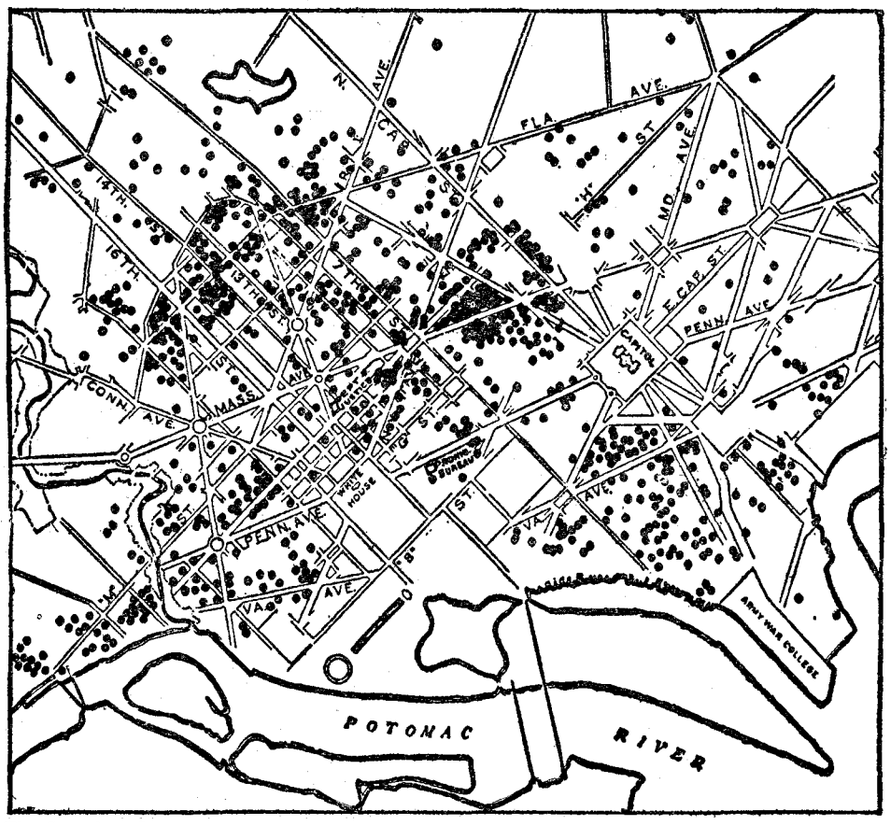
This is swinging rhetoric. Probably no mere President could better it. Yet somehow no one suggests that the orator in question be invited to make the dedicatory address himself, though he was closely connected with President Harding, was, in fact, Attorney General in the Harding Cabinet. His name? Harry M. Daugherty.

▸▸*Bolting Wets*

FOR SOME WEEKS the Outlook has been advising wet voters to support wet candidates for public office regardless of party affiliations. Naturally, therefore, it is gratified to note that a large group of wet Ohio Republicans intend to bolt their party and support the wet Democratic candidate for senator, Robert J. Bulkley.

Among the leaders of this group is the Cleveland *News*, published by Dan R. Hanna, Mark Hanna's grandson. Though the *News* describes itself as "traditionally Republican, and always deeply sympathetic with true Republican principles," it unhesitatingly accepts Mr. Bulkley's candidacy "and pledges thereto its sincere and energetic support." We commend this course to other wet newspapers, some of which are already using the stale and timorous tactics they adopt just before elections. That is to say, they are scratching anxiously around for grounds on which they may support party candidates rather than anti-prohibition candidates.

Quite as gratifying as the situation in Ohio is that in Pennsylvania. There a newly formed organization, the Liberal party, created by and largely composed of Republicans, is supporting the wet Democratic candidate for governor, John M. Hemphill. In addition to the Liberals, Republican business leaders in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have gone over to Hemphill by the dozen. With them have gone forty-seven of Philadelphia's forty-eight Republican ward leaders, led by Councilman Charles B. Hall, Boss Vare's assistant and probable successor. Needless to say, the business men and politicians have mixed motives for bolting the dry Republican gubernatorial candidate, Gifford Pinchot. Several of the business leaders—President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad is a handy example—like Mr. Pinchot's attitude on public utility regulation no better than his attitude on prohibition. Similarly mixed may be the motives of those Democratic drys who have bolted Hemphill. But the important fact is that for the first time in many years a wet Democrat has a fighting chance of being elected governor of Pennsylvania. If Hemphill runs first on November 4, the anti-prohibition cause will win a highly important victory.



The Crusaders, Inc.

SPEAKEASY MAP

Of Washington, prepared for the Crusaders by Rufus S. Lusk, Inc.

▸▸*Enforcement of a Sort*

NO CAVIAR was spilled on this map before it was sent to the engraver. The dots were put there by Rufus Lusk, acting for the Washington branch of the Crusaders, the national organiza-

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tion of young men opposed to prohibition. Each dot represents a speakeasy in the capital of the United States. More precisely, each represents a speakeasy raided by the Washington police between September, 1929, and August, 1930. Where the police found no liquor Mr. Lusk put no dot. Where they found liquor several times, he put only one dot. Hence, the map is not as heavily dotted as it might well be.

Even as it stands it is enough to indicate the absurdity of attempting to enforce prohibition nationally when it is impossible to enforce it in the national capital, where all the federal agencies of enforcement are centered. The Washington police force does its best to realize Mr. Hoover's ideal of making Washington a model dry city—it conducted 934 raids between September, 1929, and August, 1930—but its best is hopelessly bad. As the map may indicate to Washingtonians, gin mills clot around government buildings, even around the Prohibition Bureau building, the White House and the Capitol. They have been found adjacent to homes of Cabinet officers, Senators and Representatives; on properties owned by banks, trust companies, charitable organizations and by the government itself.

Yet Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock has the face to predict that national prohibiton will succeed. Perhaps, however, the Commissioner need not be taken too seriously. Mr. Woodcock is the gentleman who recently said without a smile that, with the present court organization in New York, enforcement in that city has about reached its peak. Surely this is the faintest praise ever uttered. Prohibition enforcement in New York is a joke. In fact, the Crusaders were unable to make a speakeasy map of Manhattan since "so many dots would be required on it that the result would be merely a large blot."

Mr. Woodcock meant, of course, that the courts could not handle any more prohibition cases than they are handling now. It would be more accurate to say that they cannot properly handle the cases they are handling now. To clear the calendar of 3,000 cases piling up during the summer, a single New York court declared a bargain day on October 8 and imposed $25 fines on 144 violators without regard to the nature of their violations. Just how many of these violators, do you suppose, left the court-room resolved never to break their country's prohibition statutes again?

▶▶In Rhode Island

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS start late but wax hot in Rhode Island. Though the Rhode Island Democratic convention nominated its candidates for senator and for governor (Peter Goelet Gerry and Theodore Francis Green) no longer ago than October 1, while the Republicans nominated Jesse H. Metcalf and Norman S. Case a week later, the state already has a religious issue going full blast. It was created when a keynoter at the Democratic convention denounced those "who rejoiced in the name of religion at Governor Smith's defeat," charged the Republicans with barring Catholics from office and predicted that Catholics would "vote the Democratic ticket this year more nearly unanimously than they have ever voted it, because at the head of it will be found two Protestants of the type that Catholics can, with good conscience, support."

This year, however, prohibition and hard times may overshadow even the religious issue. The Republican prohibition plank, built on the McCormick model, pledges the candidates to abide by the results of a state referendum. The Democratic platform demands the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead act and the state enforcement law, and scores the referendum as "misleading." That is putting it mildly. With an eye to dry Rhode Island farmers, the Republican State Legislature worded the prohibition referendum question this way: "The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States: Should it be retained?" Though careless wet voters may answer "Yes" in shoals, it is expected that Rhode Island, will go wet by two to one.

As for the hard times issue in Rhode Island, that textile state has been more or less depressed for several years. Democrats hope to capitalize the fact that this year it is much more depressed than ever before. Their other big card is Al Smith, who, paying his debt to one of the two northern states to give him its electoral vote in 1928, will campaign for Gerry and the Democratic ticket. Smith could not carry Gerry through in 1928. This year he may. But not unless Rhode Island's French-Canadians consent. This radical group holds the balance of power in Rhode Island. As go the French-Canadians, so goes the state on election day.

Remarkable Remarks

This is still the most prosperous nation in the world. Business is getting better every day.—WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

No one would invite either war or business depression, but from them may come some new inspirations.—HERBERT HOOVER.

Unemployment gives the wage-earner a chance to rest and get in physical condition for the next pull. —ROGER W. BABSON.

If the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, the country returns direct to the saloon; there is no possible way to avoid it.—SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH.

Dirty public life and dirty public officers were never any good to any political party.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

We cannot have great things without great cost.—RIGHT REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING.

If husbands were clever they would never let us see them in the morning because that is the time a woman thinks. — PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

No dumb girl ever has beaux.—DOROTHY DIX.

▶▶Mr. Wickersham

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to George W. Wickersham's honorable public service in years long past, it must be said that his record since he became chairman of Mr. Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission has been a good deal of a common every day flop.

Mr. Wickersham was appointed chairman of the commission in May, 1929. After nearly a year, presumably devoted to thought and study, his commission made a report which utterly failed to get below the surface of the prohibition question and made but one more important recommendation. That proposal—for juryless trials of minor prohibition cases—was advanced with Mr. Wickersham's hearty approval. Yet it was of such dubious character that it was contemptuously rejected even by a Senate which was justly heralded as bone-dry.

After several more months devoted to contemplation of crime and punishment, Mr. Wickersham wrote a paper which was read before the American Prison

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Association at Louisville on October 12. In it he urged that flogging be seriously considered as a means of deterring crime. A perfectly silly suggestion. No state except Delaware now uses the rod on criminals. No other state is likely to adopt this barbarous practice. It is quite plain that flogging would not have the support of public opinion; that, when defendants were likely to be flogged if convicted, juries would be apt to acquit.

It will not be necessary to recall Mr. Wickersham's other recent acts and statements. Suffice it to say that, a year and a half after its creation, his commission, according to dispatches from Washington, is still attempting to decide what ground its prohibition investigation should cover and whether or not it has the right to recommend changes in the dry laws. Taking one thing with another, we can only say that Mr. Wickersham should abandon his job and go home, persuading the other members of his commission to follow his example and do likewise.

▶▶*In Brief*

Downright mean of Chairman Legge of the Farm Board to point out that the Russian wheat surplus could not derange world markets for more than a few weeks. Just when we were all enjoying a nice shivery Red scare, too .... How much more satisfactory was Colonel Smith, of the Better American Federation, who told the Fish committee that 20,000 pistols and rifles had been brought into the United States by Communists? We know what the Communists plan to do with these 20,000 pistols and rifles. They plan to use them in conquering the American Army, the American Navy and the American Marines .... Associated Press dispatch from Janesville, Wisconsin: "After a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners listened today to charges of sorcery against Henry Dorn, 64-year-old farmer, he said he was convinced that they were unfounded." Some of these godless modernists simply won't believe anything .... It was just a coincidence that, on the day Coste completed his good-will tour and Americans paused to sum up its benefits, it was announced that the French Government would send a note to Washington protesting against our new tariff rates .... Colonel Lindbergh has bought a farm near Princeton, New Jersey. Probably intends to settle down for a day or two .... A cultivated mind in a cultivated body is nature's master-piece, Gene Tunney told members of the National Recreation Congress. Or, to put it a bit more freshly, Mr. Tunney, *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

Fair Play for Mr. Hoover

The Presidential appearances of the last few weeks have made one thing perfectly clear. The enormous wave of popular approval upon which Mr. Hoover rode into office is sadly on the wane. The sullen crowds of unemployed on Cleveland's streets, the silence at King's Mountain, the perfunctory applause at Boston—in contrast to the tumultuous enthusiasm for Calvin Coolidge—all emphasize a change in sentiment which hitherto had made itself evident only during Mr. Hoover's visit to Baltimore.

Some of this change, no doubt, has come about because of the business depression. It is human nature to wish to blame some one else for our own difficulties. And a mere glance about the world shows that dissatisfaction with government is not confined to North America. In this sense, the court of opinion has been packed against Mr. Hoover since October of last year. Like President Taft, he has had few lucky "breaks." The times have been against him.

Yet, even on this score normal sympathy has been withheld, mainly because the country remembers too well that the idealism of the President as a candidate coincided so perfectly with the campaign bunkum of the Republican prosperity ballyhooers as to crowd practically everybody to the farthest end of the limb at the precise moment when the tempest broke. To be sure, there is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Hoover had any inkling that another panic was at hand. His good faith remains unquestioned. His dream of abolishing poverty was simply ill-timed, and in retrospect not justified by the facts.

Well-intentioned as he was, nevertheless, it is only natural that, as matters have turned out, he should suffer a loss in public esteem. America does not like to be taken in, either by political prophets or shell game artists. The country is convinced now that there was never sufficient economic truth in the theory of political management of business to make the Republican claim sound. And the country is right. The theory which Mr. Hoover set forth in his campaign speeches is discredited.

No matter what he says now about government not interfering in business, basically, Mr. Hoover was elected as a legendary Great White Papa, under the cloak of whose Republican omniscience even the poorest farmer could creep in, and never know want again, nor liquor, nor the shadow of the Catholic Church, nor hear even a hint of a too democratic origin. Under present circumstances this Great White Papa has vanished, leaving behind only a few such traces as "Well, it would have been worse if the Democrats had been in." The business depression has destroyed the legend. The cloak itself is badly tattered.

This being so, the only thing Mr. Hoover can do is to emerge from behind the political curtains and show himself, not as a tarnished legend, but as a human being and present-day leader, with convictions and opinions of his own. If he can do this, all the way from tariff to prohibition, if he can abandon the present messy mixture of politics with idealism in favor of a straight business administration which tells the truth from the White House steps and calls off the cabinet ballyhooers, the country may take him to its heart again. If he does not do something of this sort, but instead allows the Fesses and Davises and Wickershams to keep on trying to shine up the legend, we shall not be surprised to see a repetition of the Taft debacle after the famous Winona speech.

Certainly Mr. Hoover cannot continue with any hope of success to be represented as the head of a political party for whose sins he is not personally to be held responsible, the while he is painted as an idealistic business President, who must not be held responsible for the business situation either. In all fairness to Mr. Hoover, he should be given a chance to show the stuff of which he himself is made. If he does so in the next year, the Outlook, for one, will take off its hat to him no matter whether it agrees with his opinions or not. We commend to Mr. Hoover the candor and courage of Dwight W. Morrow. Our present attitude toward the Administration is rooted in the fact that we are weary of political legends and sleight-of-hand artists. The year

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1930 is no place for them. One of the secrets of business success, so we are informed, is the ability to look unflinchingly and critically at those actual conditions in a business which need remedy. From now on, we should like to hear what Mr. Hoover himself thinks of the state of the corporation of which he is Chief Executive. And not in spiritual-value speeches either!

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE wonder if the American people realize the extent and significance of the political revolution which the voters are preparing to stage at the polls in November. Our scouts have traveled thousands of miles by now, and we think their information on the state of the union is quite trustworthy. We confess astonishment at the change of sentiment which seems to have swept over the United States since the 1928 election and the emotional orgies of the last decade—"The Dry Decade," as Mr. Merz calls it.

Though it may be but a passing phenomenon, the American people seem to have regained some sanity in matters pertaining to politics and government. Our informants tell us that religion and religious rantings are dead issues, except, perhaps, in Alabama, where "Tom" Heflin is still tilting at windmills. We see reason for rejoicing in the report that Indiana is the only State where the passions of 1928 may color a Congressional contest. In that State, where lately the Ku Klux Klan dominated caucus and countryside, a certain Democratic candidate in a Republican district seems assured of election for the strange reason that his opponent belongs to the hooded and hooted order. If anything, we discover the average man to be a little ashamed that he permitted his church ties to influence his political sympathies in the Hoover-Smith affair. We dare not regard this as a permanent improvement, since the nomination of Mr. Smith two years hence—an utter improbability, we find—might revive the same hates.

Ohio, to our mind, supplies an excellent milestone of how far we have come, and, conversely, of how far we slipped backward two years ago. Strange though it may seem, this birthplace of the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U. and National Chairman Fess will, on current reckonings, send to the Senate a man who yearns to vote for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Though we refuse to believe it until we read the returns on the morning of November 5, we understand that the laboratory which produced "the noble experiment" will blow up with a loud bang. Robert J. Bulkley, the Democratic candidate who seems so likely to win, has nothing in common with the sort of Senators Ohio has been honoring for the last twenty years. Whereas they have been preachers, propagandists, prohibitionists and obedient politicians, he is an eminent lawyer and business man of some vision.

Chicago Tribune

Planning to avoid the prohibition issue

Our reports indicate clearly that a victory for Mr. Bulkley will not be accomplished by Democrats, but by the support of disgusted Republicans as well as disillusioned drys. For more than a decade the burghers and business men of the Buckeye State, as well as in other States, have been satisfied with conditions. They were too busy staring at the stock ticker during the Harding reconstruction period and the Coolidge-Hoover prosperity era to devote much attention to politics. So long as they were making money, they were only too happy to permit the parsons and politicians to run things. Now that hard times have given them the time to take thought, they are making inventory of governmental stocks, and they are chagrinned at what they find. Belatedly they are beginning to be ashamed at the aspersions cast upon them for their State's part in the prohibition parade, and for the use to which its pulpits were put by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt two years ago. Ohio is rubbing its eyes.

Big business, too, is coming to its senses. In West Virginia the Republican politicians have nominated for the Senate James Ellwood Jones, a wealthy coal operator, against ex-Senator Neely. The latter, to our mind, does not measure up to the standards of a statesman, but he will undoubtedly be elected. If he is, it will be through the aid of the Republican nominee's friends among the coal operators, who have learned a lesson from Senator Grundy's experiences as Pennsylvania's spokesman, Mr. Grundy's active part in the tariff turmoil, the West Virginians realize, furnished the bill's enemies with an armory of ammunition. So the coal men figure that their cause will be weakened rather than strengthened if their elected representative at the Capital should be regarded, not as a disinterested Senator, but as a coal baron.

The people of Nebraska, we hear, have seen through the stalwarts' strategy designed to drive that old Roman, George W. Norris, from public life, and he will be reelected by an overwhelming, bi-partisan vote. Likewise, the voters of Illinois have little use for the sharp tactics resorted to by Mrs. Ruth McCormick in her manipulation of the issues of prohibition and campaign expenditures, and though they may not give a majority to the polite, polished and pink-whiskered J. Hamilton Lewis, they will let "the lady," as he calls her, know that straightforwardness is still a political virtue. Should she win, which is not certain, the Senate will not receive her. A recent poll, we understand, disclosed sufficient votes to slam the Senate's doors in the face of the first woman to seek election to that honorable body of statesmen.

All in all, we imagine, the American people will show rare good judgment in the coming contests, even though it required an economic disaster of major proportions to convince them that neither prosperity nor prohibition can be produced by proclamation.

A. F. C.

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The Senate's Bad Boy

A Portrait of Moses, Leader of Cynics

By RAY T. TUCKER

Irregular only in his refusal to take the grave Senate seriously all the time, Moses of New Hampshire is granite-ribbed in his conservatism and his fidelity to the G. O. P. But he has a job now that is no joke to him—as chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee he is fighting to hold or increase his party's Senate majority. A wit and a wet, he must now try to lead back to his "political wilderness" some of those very Progressives whom he once termed "sons of the wild jackass"

IN THE emergence of George Higgins Moses as New England's most eminent representative in the United States Senate the prim, Puritan strain has been entrusted to one who impresses casual observers of the national scene as no more than a smart wisecracker from a small town. The solemnity of the Adamses, the Websters, the Hoars and the Lodges has seemingly been supplanted by a strange and, so his ancestry of mariners and men of God might have thought, a devilish sprightliness. Indeed, it is ironic that the most famous statesman from this conservative countryside of whited steeples should enjoy nationwide notoriety solely through his flair for saying the witty rather than the wise thing. If, as his admirers aver, he serves as a glittering adornment and advertisement for the State of New Hampshire much as William Edgar Borah does for the equally remote State of Idaho, it is due largely to his ability to achieve prominence through pertness.

A biting humor, however, is no asset in American politics, especially beyond the Mississippi River, in these days of agrarian discontent, prohibition touchiness and geographical self-consciousness. If Mr. Moses has not already discovered that restraint is its own reward for a politician, he may learn it soon. For the Senator from New Hampshire is chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, and it is now his immediate task to re-elect a Senate for which, individually and collectively, he has expressed a low opinion. As the Senate's field general in the pending Armageddon, he must raise money and votes for irregulars whose tenets he has taunted from rostrum and speakers' table. A foe of blocs, he must help to assure the return to Washington of the leaders of the agricultural group; a hater of prohibition, he must love Republican white-ribboners as he does himself; a Yankee reactionary, he must handle the campaigns of a score of wild-eyed Progressives. Rarely has there been such a spectacle as that of the disdainful Moses heading a parade of "the sons of the wild jackass" back to the chamber which has become for him—because of them—a political wilderness. Painful though the process be, he must not only hold his tongue but also swallow many witty and wicked words.

Nevertheless, in fairness to one so burdened, it should be set down that there is, more often than not, some point to his wisecracking. In urging New England woolen manufacturers at their annual banquet in 1920 to support the Hague Court rather than such "rag dolls of diplomacy" as the League of Nations or World Court, he coined a devastating phrase for the irreconcilables and furnished his hearers a satirically shabby representation of the international tribunals more effective than pages of denunciation in the Congressional Record. When he characterized western colleagues as "sons of the wild jackass," forgetful in his striving for the smart that their ancestors emigrated from Yankeeland, he set the nation howling at the expense of his hated farm bloc. It is true that he inspired them to more irksome deeds of irregularity, but it cannot be denied that he catalogued the Administration's opponents as proper objects of partisan attack.

NOR does the Senator restrict his ridicule to general principles or movements which he deems worthy of criticism. The frequency and fierceness of his broadsides indicate that he cannot resist the impulse to be slick rather than statesmanlike and clever rather than constructive. Unfortunately for his avowed ambition to be Vice-President or Secretary of State, he blurts out these indiscretions both publicly and needlessly. Though he was the first Old Guardsman in 1928 to declare for Herbert Hoover, then on political probation for his supposed pro-British sympathies, he remarked with a wink that "'Erbert 'Oover is my man." After his first campaign conference with Dr. Hubert Work, Mr. Hoover's choice for National Chairman, he is credited with the comment that "At last I have met the man who can stop Hoover," thereby recalling the bitter days when Vice-President Curtis, Majority Leader Watson and equally illustrious Republicans were vainly calling for a candidate who could "stop Hoover." These remarks gave much merriment to the Senator's friends, but he paid a heavy penalty for them. Though he had aspired to be eastern campaign manager, he had to rest content with the sonorous but meaningless title of chairman of the Northeastern Advisory Board of the Hoover Campaign Committee.

EVEN in that seemingly inoffensive rôle he revealed his rare capacity for making mistakes of judgment. From his office there was sent into the South a letter suggesting that certain enclosed documents designed to stir up religious prejudice were "hot stuff." Although Moses never saw the communication, and he evaded a frank repudiation simply to protect an overzealous subordinate, the incident won him the dubious honor of being the only man pilloried in *Up to Now*, Alfred E. Smith's autobiography. Because of this and similar happenings, including his loquacity, it may well be that Mr. Hoover felt he must look elsewhere for a Secretary of State or an Ambassador to the Court of St. James's—two posts which would have delighted the Senator. It is too much to expect that so reticent and restrained a person as Mr. Hoover should cherish or confide in such an ebullient personality as Senator Moses. Though their relations are cordial, the President does not dote on brilliant and breezy men, and he undoubtedly feels toward the Senator from New Hampshire as Caesar did toward the "lean and hungry" Cassius, whose look—or was it his tongue?—pierced "quite through the deeds of men."

Such an attitude toward Moses is quite general, since it is doubtful if

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there is any one of prominence in public life whom he has not satirized publicly or privately, with or without provocation beyond his desire to prove himself a celebrated wit. In 1920, as preconvention manager for Major General Leonard Wood, he urged the latter's nomination if only to check "the Hoover menace." He openly deplored Warren G. Harding's nomination lest it lead each mediocre member of the Senate to dream that presidential lightning might some day strike his lowly but uplifted brow. He dubbed Wilson a "schoolmaster" and broadcast details of his last illness with what were assailed as "backstairs and porch-climbing methods." He once told Frank B. Kellogg, then a Senator from Minnesota, that the latter suffered from a weakness for speeches in which he took "ten minutes to be in opposition, ten minutes to be for and five to assume a judicial attitude."

To a friendly but boresome Senator who sought to interrogate him on the floor he flung back in his harsh, rasping voice: "Oh! I cannot rehearse all my education for the benefit of the Senator." Of the Democratic and Progressive Senators who sponsored and headed the Teapot Dome and Daugherty investigations he said that they were "partisan snipers making rifle pits in Warren Harding's grave," thereby formulating both a phrase and a program which editorial writers on Republican organs made their own.

Neither high nor low are beyond his reach—publicly and pitilessly—even though he knows that each epigram is an epitaph in the graveyard of his ambitions for further preferment. Nor does he spare his colleagues *en masse,* moving among them as a scornful but never an unctuous critic. He has a low opinion of the United States Congress, but he lays responsibility for its deterioration on popular primaries. Although he confesses that he has profited from the direct election of Senators, he sighs when "I look on the performance of some of my colleagues and listen to their ravings, and I am led to wonder why my country should have been visited with such an awful affliction." The farm bloc, in his opinion, consists of nineteen lawyers, a couple of editors, a few teachers, a manufacturer of sewer pipes and a well-digger who "farm the farmers." He holds the Volstead Act to be a "jackass law," and asserts that prohibition would disappear if every member would vote as he drank. Through this and other regulatory statutes he maintains that the United States has been transformed "from the land of the free to the region of the regulated."

In view of the scope of these slighting comments, it may be concluded that Senator Moses suffers from the same "ineffable egotism" which he diagnosed as Woodrow Wilson's ailment. It is obvious that the Senator has a real contempt for his contemporaries as well as for the public which has placed them in office. He has revealed it time and again, as when he defended excessive campaign expenditures on behalf of Leonard Wood. Then he declared that "such is the apathy of the public mind in this country it is absolutely necessary to organize and carry on campaigns of publicity to advance the worthiest of causes, as we found to our sorrow during the war." In extenuation it may be offered that Moses has no illusions concerning himself or those theories which he advocates, simply preferring them to any alternatives so far presented. When the headlines suggested him as a possible Ambassador to Mexico, he smiled with amusement.

"In the first place," he explained, "I am no diplomat, and I guess the 'wild jackasses' will subscribe to that. In the second place, I don't like pulque."

Underwood

SENATOR MOSES (RIGHT) AND SENATOR WATSON
Mr. Moses loves to retail gossip with a Socratic twist all his own

Though a brilliant parliamentarian, and held by many to be the ablest to preside over the Senate, his smart-Alecky conduct of that body sometimes infuriates friend as well as foe. His slambang management of the Kansas City convention as permanent chairman caused considerable grumbling, as did his sneering challenge to the Democrats to "bring on your Smiths, your Browns and your Joneses and we will bury them." There happen to be too many million voters with names less legendary than Moses, it was pointed out, to warrant such blatant and needless notice that the G.O.P. prides itself on its Wall Street connections. As an illustration of the Senator's inability to put aside the temptation for a neat or nasty turn, it may be recorded that his mother's name was Smith.

The dapper, ruddy-faced and sandy-haired New Englander is, in short, the Puck, the playboy, the political paragrapher, the Walter Winchell of the United States Senate. Like the Broadway columnist, Moses stays up nights to gather gossip which he hastens to retail with a Socratic twist all his own. He derives a boyish pleasure from making mischief, and he apparently prefers the reputation of a wit and celebrity to attainment of ambitions which he deprecates because he realizes, too late, that he has talked himself out of more exalted and responsible posts. In answering the nightly call of the social and diplomatic sets, with which he is a keen favorite, he seeks forgetfulness, and in quiet, midnight hours with his beloved books—the Bible, Greek and Latin classics, treatises on government, politics and economics and his favorite poem, *Little Boy Blue*—he finds compensation. It may be that in these lonely, literary retreats his eyes sometimes fall upon, and pause in wistful tribute to, that characterization of Charles II as one "who never said a foolish thing or did a wise one"—for himself.

Of late, it seems, the world has grown even more awry for him. As a political realist inclined always to seek "a bargain for the United States with a dis-

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count for New England," he notes with sadness that internationally minded men shape the nation's policies, while such worthy bitter-enders as Lodge, Knox, Brandegee, Wadsworth, Medill McCormick, "Jim" Reed and Boies Penrose die off or quit public life. "Congressional cowardice" in the face of "noisy minorities" pales but prospers by that it looks upon and listens to, irking his hardy spirit. An extreme partisan and an avowed "Hamiltonian reactionary," he mourns the disintegration of those forces and institutions which symbolize for him the rightful triumph of the aristocracy, the intelligentsia and the rich wisdom of the past. Even more than ever before, he is cynical, contemptuous and weary of the mummery and, no doubt, of his own part in it. He seems to be an ancient political mariner whose ship of state is breaking up even as he spins smart tales in the saloon, or deserts it during the 1930 tariff-making session to sail for his precious Greece on the luxurious yacht of Frederick H. Prince, one of numerous wealthy men who stand to him almost as patrons.

In those ancient isles of Greece, perhaps, he may have recaptured the early enthusiasm which earned him fame as the most popular and influential minister the United States has ever sent to the Balkans for this breezy and impetuous Yankee, turning up in Athens and the mountains of Montenegro almost simultaneously with a revolution—some suggest he may have inspired it—immediately became a favorite in all the tinselled and truculent courts, which doubtless furnished him with a royal field for his natural instincts. It is said that he was ever slipping from the family entrance of one palace to another purple peek-hole as he plotted and played with kings, queens and jacks. He is credited with having effected the recall to Greece of Venizelos, whom he regards as one of the world's wisest statesmen. He wrote the first draft of the articles of the Balkan Federation, and was decorated by each government for his services. In lunching with King George of Greece, breakfasting with King Peter and scheming with crowned and uncrowned heads he acquired a knowledge of international politics that delighted his intriguer's heart and equipped him for subsequent service in the Senate's Battalion of Death and Derisiveness.

His distaste for Wilson's world parliament undoubtedly flowed from the fact that he had seen his Balkan Federation swallowed up by a single, powerful State. From 1912 to 1920 he looked on as the ideals which formed the basis for the peninsular alliance became, one by one, a Pandora's box of belligerency. In any event, these four years from 1908 to 1912 prepared him for the special assignment given to him during the League struggle. He alone of the irreconcilables had seen Clemenceau's vengeful theories in practice, and he alone had enjoyed speaking acquaintance with the more recent facts and figures of Old World diplomacy. Whatever the inspiration, it was he who first pointed out the path to an assault upon the Versailles Treaty itself, whereas less experienced statesmen were devoting their talent to exposing the Covenant. His speech on that subject is still held to be the masterpiece of that historic controversy.

"In the treaty, described in words and laid down in the accompanying maps," said Moses, "are new boundaries for Germany, for France, for Belgium, for Luxemburg, for Switzerland, for Denmark and for East Prussia—to name the nations which were before the War—and for Poland and Czechoslovakia—to name those which the treaty will contribute to set up.

"It creates a new city; it optimistically looks forward to new Russian states; it roams the plains, sails the seas, delves into the earth and soars into the sky; it opens prisons and it guards graves; submarine cables and wireless telegraphic plants are subject to its terms. Dyestuffs and drugs, coal and chemicals, Huns, horses and huntsmen alike come within its purview; books, boundaries and bullets; contracts, cattle, cotton and claims; deeds, debts and duties; finance, fire insurance and fortifications; guns, goats, guaranties and governments; missions, mines and mixed commissions; navies, negotiable instruments and natural products; ports, prizes and penalties; railroads, recruiting and rivers; sheep, submarines, stock exchanges and social insurance; tunnels, tonnage and trials; vessels, victuals and the Vistula; warships, waterways, woman suffrage and Wilhelm II—in short, Mr. President, the alphabet and alliteration alike are agonized in an attempt to deal adequately with merely a topical index to this instrument which we are asked to ratify in haste lest we break the heart of the world."

From this insolent itemization it may easily be seen why grey-haired irreconcilables took this scintillating figure to their bristling bosoms in the fall of 1918, newcomer though he was, and why Senator Lodge granted his brash request that he be assigned to the aristocratic Foreign Relations Committee. The grim and grinless guard of Lodge, Borah, Brandegee, La Follette, Reed, Knox, Johnson and Penrose had sore need of a fellow who combined a talent for agonizing "the alphabet and alliteration" with a personal as well as a historical understanding of foreign diplomacy and skullduggery. By his strategical suggestions, his journalistic capacity for creating headlines and his sinister gift for discerning the dark side of Wilson's new universe he immediately paid his passage on their piratical craft. It was he who first warned that commitments regarding new stations and altered relationships were entrusted to the "Big Five" rather than to the League, and he suffered vocal fits at the thought of such "involvement." Little did he suspect, perhaps, that this unloosening of a naturally loose tongue so soon in his public career might prove his undoing.

During his recent sojourn in Greece he may also have received renewed inspiration to carry on as the champion of the old order. That ancient land of poetry, art and philosophy has always held a strange fascination for him and exercised a definite influence upon him. It is no exaggeration to suggest that his reverence for the old and the organized, whether it be the books of Plato or the principles of Republicanism, found origin or encouragement in the years he spent in the shadow of the Acropolis. Indeed, the most attractive and least known side of his dourish nature is his fondness for and knowledge of the classics, and the care with which he conceals these pedagogical pursuits. Only his cronies know that he speaks modern Greek fluently and can carry on a halting conversation in text-book Latin; or that he is deeply versed in the classics, in Biblical literature and in the great writers of our own language.

He is said to have been the most brilliant classical student to graduate from Dartmouth College, at least up to the year 1890, and upon graduation he was offered the post of assistant to the President of the American School for Classical Study at Athens. Even at this early age, however, he had picked out a political career, and he preferred to

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▶▶ The Tariff Hits Milady ◀◀

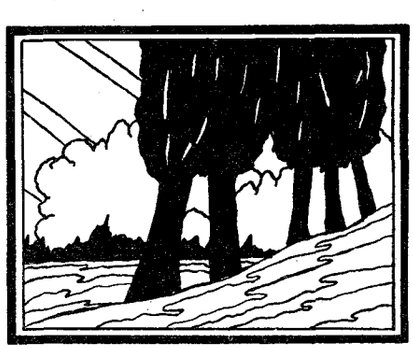
By JERRY MAXWELL

AMERICA is still a child in the way it coos over presents from abroad. Offer any American woman two almost identical hats, tell her that one is an Agnes original and the other is a copy, made by domestic labor, and though she may be able to afford only the copy her heart will yearn for the one made in Paris. She firmly believes that anything made abroad has been motivated by some mysterious power that puts perfection into its manufacturing, even though she may have had French dresses that have popped out at the sleeves and slit down the back or French gloves that have curled and withered before domestic ones of the same age have lost their velvety texture. She will still buy French stockings, notoriously weak in quality, for state occasions and pay as much as ten dollars for them while, with a scornful indifference, she shoves into a far corner of her drawer her American-made stockings of the same texture and sheerness that cost only four dollars.

Loyal to her convictions, she will say that these mishaps were exceptions, even mistakes on her part. Shutting her eyes to the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, what she really wants in the import is the glamor of the unknown and, being truly feminine, a chance to boast and swagger, she vehemently asserts that in buying the import and paying a high price for it she gets more than her money's worth of quality, Style and individuality. This is true in some instances, but it certainly is not true in all. Shrewd were the millinery buyers who realized what a woman actually wanted when she bought an import and who sewed into their hats a ticket which read "reproduction of" in very small letters and "Agnes, 6 Rue Florentin" in very large letters. The fact remains that the American woman, when she has the choice, will invariably prefer an imported to a domestic article whether it be really superior or whether she merely imagines it is.

Now the question is, with the new rise in tariff, will prices of imports that retail in stores and shops go up to such an extent as to make them prohibitive either to the merchandise buyers or to the consumer? It appears now that they will not in the majority of instances, chiefly because commodity prices abroad are so low that, after an article has been manufactured, sold to an American buyer and landed here, its price is practically the same as last year. This, fortunately for our importers, should equalize the effects of the increase in the tariff. Consider lingerie, for example. The tariff on this type of garment, if it shows the merest speck of lace or embroidery (and what imported lingerie does not?), has been advanced from seventy-five per cent to ninety per cent, a considerable jump. But silk is so much cheaper abroad that the buyers can get much more for their money than they could last year. One buyer says she is working harder than ever to get every part of a cent out of each dollar. She puts herself out to get lower prices, she haggles the foreign manufacturer down so that her present prices of French lingerie are, if anything, a little lower this year than last.

Poor business conditions abroad, too, have led to so much competition to get trade that prices actually have been forced down. Let us examine the case of imported luggage. From a manufacturer in Germany one buyer has ordered a shipment of fitted cases that will sell for their usual price, at no loss to the store. By his own efforts, he made these prices lower, arguing that he would not buy them at all if the manufacturer refused to lower his prices. Since it was to the latter's advantage to bring his prices down, because the buyer was a good customer and his order large (five hundred cases instead of the more usual one hundred, as they were a good holiday item), bring them down he did, with the result that the cases will land and sell for the same price as last year. In France the story would have been different. The prices there, not having been cut on these articles, would have forced up the retail selling-price here, adding the increased duty of five per cent. Being a wary merchant, this buyer had no negotiations with Frenchmen. The same is true of certain articles of novelty jewelry. The duty on these, having advanced to one hundred ten per cent, makes them in many instances prohibitive to buyers here.



THE question then arises that with prices on imported merchandise approximately the same as last year, how will this affect the retail business when the buying power or the mental buying power of this country is supposedly weakened this year? In some instances those who have hitherto bought only the finest of the imports will be satisfied with the less expensive article, because they will be getting better quality material and workmanship than in an article of the same price last year. Then, again, there is the probability, since the nation has already become more thrift-conscious, that women will buy fewer of those imports which they have come to regard as necessities.

It would seem logical that, relieved of the necessity of constantly keeping their prices lower than those of imported articles, domestic manufacturers would hasten to take advantage of the new tariff and immediately raise the prices of their own merchandise. If this were a normal year they would undoubtedly do that. The trade slump has hit them so hard, however, that they cannot afford to do this—they need business and they will go to great lengths to get it. Overproduction and the business depression are giving them a stiff fight in trying to sell their merchandise. Some have already reduced their prices voluntarily. Overproduction is leading and will lead more to numerous "sales" and reduced merchandise in the retail market in the frantic efforts of merchants to get stocks off the shelves. Until this suffocating surplus is removed, domestic goods should remain at a low selling-price but after that, if business conditions improve, there is no reason to suppose that the manufacturer will not take all the profit he can. In the case of luggage, however, other factors are at work in keeping a low price-level.

THE poor, tax-paying consumer, as well as the merchant, faces a real problem if consumption falls off to any considerable extent. The individual may think he is doing nobly by economizing,

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by buying one piece of French lingerie instead of four, by buying a four-dollar hat instead of a fifteen-dollar one. But, the evils of such economy are obvious. Merchants, manufacturers and importers would starve, business would be even worse, and, eventually, the economizing consumer would suffer as much as any one else. It is axiomatic that extravagance is a sign of prosperity and that widespread extravagance leads to prosperity, ridiculous as it may be as applied to the individual.

Consumption, however, must depend on business conditions in the last analysis. The wife of the worker whose wage has been cut is prohibited, on pain of debt, from spending as freely as she did before, yet for a majority of women to count the pennies too niggardly would only aggravate bad business. The problem obviously works around in a circle —let business be good and consumption is high; let it be in a depressed condition and consumption falls off.

One example showing how consumption undoubtedly will decrease is that of imported shoes, particularly cheap ones. Heretofore, shoes were free of duty and inexpensive ones, especially the woven leather kind, came pouring into the market. To give the poor shoe manufacturers in Brooklyn a chance, the duty was put at twenty per cent, because under the old tariff they were hard put to it to get out shoes at three dollars and ninety cents to compete with the four-dollar imported ones. In fact, they were working below operating costs and taking heavy losses. Now, however, they can work on a profit-making basis.

The woman who understands the workings of the new tariff should feel safer than ever in buying imported cotton goods and, if there are enough of her, her confidence in them should increase consumption. So much specific information on the origin of the goods is required by the government officials that there is little or no chance that the foreign manufacturer will be able to cheat us. The customs officers now demand to know the width of the original stuff, the length of the spool, the kind of loom (hand or power), the number of harnesses, etc., until it is next to impossible to deceive them about any process of the manufacture. Foreign traders may object strenuously but to refuse the desired information would mean being assessed at the highest rate of duty. Naturally, any American purchaser confronted with that possibility would hasten to trade somewhere else, and the foreign trader must acquiesce. Prices on cotton goods should not advance much on this side of the water, and the consumer of such things as cotton yard goods, wearing apparel, lisle garments, and upholstery fabrics is pretty sure of getting more quality to the dollar than ever before.

SOMEWHERE somebody is going to have to pay the difference between last year's price and this year's price for those foreign goods on which the wholesale selling-price has not gone down or on which the increased tariff has made their prices higher. The retail merchant must then either stimulate business by maintaining stable prices and taking a loss himself or he may advance prices and take the consequences. It appears that he is doing both. Since the new tariff, one shop has imported a lot of fitted suitcases almost identical to some they sold last year at forty-nine-fifty. This year, to realize the same profit, the cases should sell at fifty-two dollars, but such are the workings of the human mind that it will eagerly consider the expenditure of the former sum but turn away in horror at the mention of the latter. Forty-nine-fifty being a good selling-price, therefore, the shop prices the cases at that and happily declares that it will make up its loss in something else.

One buyer of blouses, who has to contend with the embroidery-lace problem that inevitably increases the landing-price of these garments, says in a wily manner that while she will charge more for her imports this season she bought scantily of them, waiting to see how the land lay and planning to re-order from resident importers at the first signs of a big demand. Another buyer of lingerie, confronted with the same difficulty, airily waves aside the suggestion of stabilizing her prices or of purchasing imports with neither embroidery nor lace.

She asserts that the women who are used to wearing more or less elaborate imported underwear would rather pay the few extra dollars this year than to substitute something not quite so delectable to their feminine tastes.

The duty on fine English brushes used to be fifty per cent but has now risen to one hundred per cent, so it would seem logical that their price would not only have to go up but be doubled. The proprietors of these specialty shops shake their heads drearily and resign themselves to this step but are optimistic about selling the brushes, anyway. Their attitude is that the brushes wear so well and do their job so expertly that their clients will continue to buy them. This is one instance in which the imported article is so far superior to the domestic that any one having used the former cannot reconcile himself to coming down to the level of the latter. Another instance is that of a certain kind of glassware imported from Berlin, where it is made by a manufacturer who uses refuse from the Berlin gas works to impart a peculiar maroon-lavender tint. This color is unique and cannot be duplicated by other manufacturers, so that the very fact of its rarity influences people to buy the wares even though the price does go up. But one must also consider the fact that in most stores there is a disproportionate mark-up on exclusive imported merchandise. These stores have little or no competition in exclusive foreign articles, in contrast to the competition in domestic articles which, being available to any competitor who feels disposed to enter the market, must be maintained at a low selling-price. Consequently, those stores that place a day's sales in figures ahead of a day's sales in theory, should be obliged to content themselves with a lower mark-up. Doing this, though, will probably mean sharper buying in the foreign market.

THE tariff on imported dresses will have little general effect, because the number of women who buy them is limited. If the method of a dress buyer in one shop, well-known heretofore for the business it did in "originals," is any criterion, one would conclude that this trade is expected to fall off. For this season she brought back from Paris only a handful of models, settling the question of a variety of "copies" by buying the majority of her "originals" in conjunction with those manufacturers who were to copy them, thus lessening the

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expense and precluding the possibility of selling them to the retail trade. One would surmise that the manufacturer, being forced to land his models at a higher price than last year, would expect to make up this extra expense by increasing the price of his copies. That would undoubtedly be the case if it were not for that ever-recurring reason that seems to be keeping prices down all over the country—business depression and its resultant keen competition.

Now, few merchants are going to sit back and accept the tariff exactly as it is any more than people shunned alcohol after prohibition. The more ingenious importers are devising crafty schemes whereby they can get around it. On many foreign articles the amount of duty is determined by the unit of "chief value" in the article, a custom which, by the way, because of its specification instead of the old, easy-going ad valorem tax, is proving rather difficult in many cases. Take, for instance, a small leather vanity case, with a mirror costing six cents and the leather five. The mirror becomes the unit of chief value and the duty is levied on this, with complete disregard of the leather. On many similar articles efforts are being made to arrange that the unit of chief value becomes a piece of merchandise on which there is the least duty. Wherever possible, merchants are attempting to classify foreign articles equivocally. One store invented a clever scheme of putting compacts, which are dutiable at one hundred ten per cent, in leather cases and classifying them as "fitted leather goods" which are dutiable at only fifty per cent. It is such an original idea that it seems a great shame that something went wrong with the actual working out of the plan and it failed. Another means of evading the issue is to bring in merchandise almost complete and put on the finishing touches here. This is done very often with pearls. Imported "temporarily strung" (meaning merely put together on some thread), they are dutiable at only ten per cent; permanently strung (with a clasp), they are taxed at one hundred per cent. Needless to say, clasp-attachers are much in demand over here and do not contribute to the unemployment situation.

One buyer imported rabbits' wool underwear without including the silk ribbons because they would have involved a tax for silk as well as wool. She affixed the ribbons here. A few weeks later the customs officials called her, questioning the amount of duty she had paid. She removed all the ribbons and sent the underwear to the suspicious inspectors. They had to shrug their shoulders and return the goods to her with a begrudging approval. Still another way of dodging the customs is practiced by a handbag department in its importation of leathers. The tariff on leather for handbags is high; the tariff on leather for shoes is low. Therefore, this department buys all its foreign leathers ostensibly for the shoe department of the same store, making the exchange only after it is safely within the portals — an ingenious but not particularly honest device.

Optimists look forward to better manufacturing here because of this increased tariff but such a goal seems hardly attainable. We have foreign merchandise and domestic merchandise and the presence or absence of one has no effect on the other, except in copying. Importers bring in foreign goods and domestic labor copies and adapts them and that is the only relation one has to the other. Our own manufacturers go on their own merry way, designing and creating merchandise that is truly American and peculiar to us. Then, too, there is a certain class of luxury merchandise that we cannot copy or originate—either because of lack of artistic ability or because labor is too high-priced. Such goods, as they are in demand, will have to be imported. On the other hand, there are many fields of manufacture in which our standard is already high—take, for instance, luggage, automobiles, and handbags. Two outstanding manufacturers of luggage went to England and bought locks, hides, hinges, linings, and all the rest of the things that go into the making of English luggage. They brought them back here and made them up into saleable merchandise, entirely English except for the labor. This was a stimulation to home trade. Being leaders, their example is already being followed by the more alert among their competitors.

Thus, we might say that the tariff, coming as it does in this period of depression, does not increase the landing price of foreign merchandise sufficiently to serve its purpose as a protection, except perhaps in the one instance of the infant shoe industry in Brooklyn. It visibly affects, in higher retail costs, only that merchandise which is next to impossible to manufacture here. It cannot avoid irritating those foreign manufacturers who are forced to tell all about the manufacture of their product and who must accept almost slavery prices for their goods or else face the loss of their American customers. It can only end in retaliation in foreign countries—a result that would certainly lead to choking the outlet for our own surpluses, which, in turn, would lead to less production here, and, of course, fewer workers at lower wages. Is this a cure for business depression?

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▶▶ Victoriana ◀◀

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

THE sophisticates of today have come to look upon everything Victorian with an indulgent, half-humorous interest, carried even to the point of imitation; for they adorn their apartments with Currier and Ives prints, hair-cloth sofas and old square pianos; dresses are faintly suggestive of Godey's Lady's Book, and we may confidently look forward to the revival of the polka and mazurka following that of the old-fashioned waltz.

But succeed though they may in reproducing some of its forms, the subtle spirit of that "dim Victorian limbo" will escape them, for it is rooted in a consciousness the polar opposite of their own as regards two particulars at least —religion and sex. Of the first it need only be said that the church and Sunday school provided the chief emotional excitement and opportunity for the meeting of the sexes, and of the second I can give no truer indication than that provided by this scrap of dialogue remembered from a satirical vaudeville skit I saw at the Palace the other day.

George and Agnes, the manly man and womanly woman of the eighteen sixties, have just come from a drive. He wears a high hat, a fancy waistcoat, sports side-whiskers and carries a whip; she wears her hair in ringlets under a beribboned bonnet, carries a parasol and affects "the Grecian Bend."

George: Agnes, I have a confession to make; while you were getting out of the buggy just now, I caught a glimpse of your ankle.

Agnes: (blushing) Oh George, we must get married very soon!

This is scarcely an exaggeration, for I remember that as a boy I didn't know that women had legs, but had a vague idea that they were built something like a bureau. In the literature of the day they were usually referred to as females and their interests and activities were assumed to center solely in their biological function and the service of the dominant male. The brightest virtues were the family virtues, marriage was "holy wedlock," and the seventh commandment outshone all the rest. People believed, with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that "a woman's breast should be sacred to her husband and her babes." Birth control, operations, twin beds and sanitary plumbing were still in the womb of the future. Anglo-Saxondom was not scientific and psycho-analytic, as we moderns understand these adjectives, but religious and sentimental minded, and "they never talked obstetrics when the little stranger came."

Harper's Weekly, 1859

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK, 1859
The hostess dispensed a copious and bibulous hospitality

The Prodigal Son, Mary of Magdala and the Elders who spied on Susanna doubtless had their place in the Victorian pageant, just as they did in Bible times and as they do today, but the period was in the main so straight-laced and shamefaced that when Swinburne, in *Laus Veneris* talked about exchanging

> The lilies and languors of Virtue
> For the raptures and roses of Vice

a metaphysical blush suffused the universal cheek in the same sense that the kingdom of Denmark was "contracted in one brow of woe." The words sin, shame and virtue had such a very real meaning, then, that when Swinburne wrote,

> To say of shame, what is it?
> Of virtue, we can miss it;
> Of sin, we can but kiss it
> And 'tis no longer sin

he offered the sensibilities of his generation far more than the most arrant and outspoken literary libidinous could possibly do now. By reason of excessive excitation, that particular metaphysical nerve is not only completely worn out but dead.

Modes cast such an illuminating light on morals that in this connection it will not be amiss to catalogue the kinds of entertainment then current in order to show "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." They were, the Lyceum Lecture, with Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher and Ralph Waldo Emerson as the law and the prophets and Robert G. Ingersoll as antichrist;

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the Wednesday evening prayer meeting and the church social where Cupid went disguised in whiskers with a Bible under his arm; the Shakespeare Society, whose members got rid of their emotional complexes by impersonating the Macbeths, the Montagues, the Capulets and such-like gentry, leaving certain passages unsaid but not—make no mistake about it—unread. At rarer intervals came the public spelling bee, held for the benefit of (let us say) the Kansas Sufferers, to the winner of which was awarded a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary —coals to Newcastle—for a prize; the Swiss Bell Ringers and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works.

Harper's Weekly, 1869

CHRISTMAS BELLES
A drawing by Winslow Homer

But just as Imperial Rome had its Saturnalia, Catholic Christendom its Carnival, and the visiting Butter and Egg Men their Whoopee in New York, so American Victorianism had its "faw' down" in the annual institution of paying New Year's Calls. "Nature her custom holds, let shame say what it will."

On the initial day of each new year the socially secure, the social climber and even the not too rank outsider met on the common ground of universal tolerance and undiscriminating hospitality. Everybody who could or would kept open house to friends, friends of the friends, and even to strangers if their clothes and manners conformed to the current modes of the caste whose gates, for that one day being open, none felt the need to crash. The hostess dispensed a copious and bibulous hospitality to moustached and bewhiskered bucks, young and old, who were transported in pairs, trios, quartettes, droves, in gaily caparisoned buffalo robed sleighs, drawn usually by spirited horses and even by beribboned oxen!

Having incurred the obligation to pledge anew, in each place visited, the New Year's wishes in liquors of diverse kinds and vintages, "the stag at eve had drunk his fill" and had become, in the order named, lit, spifflicated, and at long last pie-eyed, so that by midnight (using the then current catchwords) Mars, Venus and Bacchus contended for supremacy in his consciousness—that is to say, the males grew combative, amorous or maudlin according to their several natures, sometimes with the result that on the following morning the editor of the local paper had to be terrorized or bribed into silence. All this, however, contradicts nothing which I have said about the general whiteness of the façade of the Victorian temple, for it must be remembered that this was an annual and not a hebdomadal or diurnal letting down of the bars.

But "something too much of this," for I am neither social historian nor archaeologist (though I daresay that should excavations be undertaken on the site of the old Castle Gardens I could tell as well as another the kind of gadgets which would be unearthed from the P. T. Barnum—Jenny Lind occupancy—cameo brooches, mother-of-pearl inlaid opera glasses, hand painted fans). These reminiscences, rescued from time, are not for the adorning of a tale, but for the pointing of a moral. If I have seemed to stress the ridiculousness of these Victorians, it is only to show that we are perhaps as ridiculous but in an opposite way. We make fun of their pruderies, but may not another generation take just that attitude toward our pruriencies, seeing us as jejune and adolescent instead of daring and emancipated, as we like to believe our attitude toward sex is. That closing of the eyes in holy dread, which was the attitude of the Victorians, begs the whole question, but to regard sex as a cosmic joke, an indoor sport or a mere "biological necessity" gets us no nearer to the truth. It may be only a reversion to type, but to this sexagenarian sex and gin are not funny. The consciousness which makes them the object of mordant laughter is not only more benighted but more ridiculous than that in which drunkenness and lechery provoke to tears. Matching eminent Victorians with eminent Edwardians—Browning with Joyce—I should rather read *The Ring and the Book* than *Ulysses* because I should feel that I had communed with a nobler and more enlightened consciousness. I fail to see why the sort of thing which used to be scribbled on the walls of the vine-clad cubicle of one's childhood should now be circulated on deckle-edged paper in special limited editions or why behind the barn furtivities should be canonized as art with a big, big A.

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▸▸ Congress Dodges Enforcement ◂◂

By CHARLES MERZ

In the fourth chapter of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz takes up the attitude of Congress to the problem of enforcement. By doing lip service to the drys and not appropriating enough money to antagonize the wets, Congress managed to avoid the issue very successfully.

THE key to the story of prohibition lies in the record of Congress. The States, to be sure, ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, but it was Congress that had chosen to initiate the experiment and Congress alone that had power to carry it through to a conclusion. There is no better way to understand the situation we have reached today than by going back to the start of this adventure and following the work of Congress through the first critical years when a precedent was being set not only for the States but for all future efforts at enforcement.

Congress was in session when the Eighteenth Amendment took effect on January 16, 1920. It had met in December, 1919, and it remained in session until June, 1920. It had an excellent opportunity to watch the first efforts to enforce the law. It was in a good position to measure the difficulties which had appeared so promptly. Between January and June, as an earlier article has pointed out, Congress had seen the first signs of congestion in the courts. It had learned from the Customs Service that liquor was flowing easily across the borders. It had heard the complaint of the Prohibition Bureau that the law was being flouted in many of the larger cities and it had observed the failure of local officials to co-operate with federal authorities.

THIS was the situation which confronted Congress in the first six months of national prohibition. The extent of its interest in this situation may be judged from the fact that only six times in these same six months was prohibition referred to, even casually, on the floor of either House of Congress.

Mr. Volstead made one speech in praise of the law and Mr. Babka of Ohio one speech in opposition to it[1]. An impromptu attempt to repeal the Volstead Act by attaching a rider to an appropriation bill was defeated by a vote of 60 to 38[2]. Mr. Warren of Wyoming suggested in the Senate that a serious effort to enforce the law might ultimately cost as much as $50,000,000 annually, whereupon Mr. Sheppard read into the record Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler's estimate that $5,000,000 would be ample[3]. Late in the session the Senate spent five minutes arguing whether or not to believe a newspaper report that counterfeit certificates had been forged to take whisky out of bond[4].

At this point Congress adjourned. It had been in session during the first six months of prohibition. Its own attitude inevitably established the pattern of enforcement. Not once in these first six months had any member of either House proposed to increase the meagre appropriation of $2,000,000 with which the Prohibition Bureau was attempting to make the law effective. Not once had any member of either House discussed on the floor of Congress the question of prohibition on the border or prohibition in the cities or prohibition in the Attorney General's office or prohibition in the courts. Not once had Congress taken any step or shown that it contemplated taking any step which might have convinced skeptical sections of the country from the very start that this law was intended to be taken seriously.

From January to June in 1920 Congress showed less interest in the law than many church societies, many women's clubs and many Chautauqua circuits, at this time earnestly and in all good faith debating the benefits to be achieved by prohibition, thanks to the foresight of the authors of the Eighteenth Amendment.

IF WE follow the work of Congress into a second session, the pattern does not greatly change except in one particular. By this time, back in Washington after a summer holiday, Congress now had before it certain official summaries of some of the handicaps under which the government had labored.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue had now filed his first report and pointed out the difficulty of enforcing the law with an inadequate staff of agents. "It was found impossible to establish a salary scale that would compare favorably with salaries paid in other occupations and which would prove sufficiently attractive to enable the Department to secure the number and type of men needed[5]."

These men were expected to be intelligent enough to understand the law, honest enough to play no favorites in its administration and content enough with the terms of their employment to resist the bribes certain to be offered them by an enormously successful industry. For the purpose of finding such men Congress had appropriated sufficient funds to pay a salary of $33 a week.

Meantime, appearing before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives in December, 1920, Attorney General Palmer had unbosomed himself of a long list of troubles acquired by his own Department in its experiment with enforcement. There had been an alarming increase in federal police activities. The Attorney General's office was now being asked to prosecute cases at the rate of three thousand a month. "It is totally and absolutely impossible to prosecute those cases successfully unless we have more help[6]."

Nevertheless, despite this official information, now brought forward to corroborate the obvious evidence of the government's experiences earlier in the year, the second session of Congress passed with as little stir about enforcement as the previous session. The House spent two hours on one occasion debating an increase in the appropriation of the Prohibition Bureau[7], and fifteen minutes on another occasion debating an increase in the appropriation of the Department of Justice for legal work on prohibition cases[8]. The sums of money at issue in these debates, however, were scarcely important enough to raise large questions of public policy: being $600,000 in one case and $200,000 in the other.

In the Senate, meantime, not a word was spoken of prohibition during the entire session from first to last, except on January 14th, when Mr. Sheppard

1. *Congressional Record*, 66th Congress, 2nd Session, pp. 8936, 9051.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 3472-4.
3. *Ibid.*, pp. 3108, 5655.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 8049.
5. *Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue*, Fiscal year ended June 30, 1920, p. 30.
6. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, December 29, 1920; *New York World*, December 30, 1920.
7. *Congressional Record*, 66th Congress, 3rd Session, pp. 1224-6, 1229-33, 1328-30.
8. *Ibid.*, pp. 1016-17.

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called the attention of his colleagues to a telegram which had reached him from Bishop James Cannon, Jr., urging strict enforcement[9].

At this point prohibition in the United States was a little more than a year old. The sum of $4,575,000 had been spent on its enforcement. This sum was demonstrably inadequate. The Prohibition Bureau was still without the staff it needed. The border was unprotected. No police force had been organized on a large enough scale to suppress illicit stills. Not an hour's time had been spent on the floor of either the Senate or the House, discussing the precise responsibility of the States or the question of what the federal government would do in case the States did nothing. The law was being disobeyed in many places. Congress seemed to take small interest.

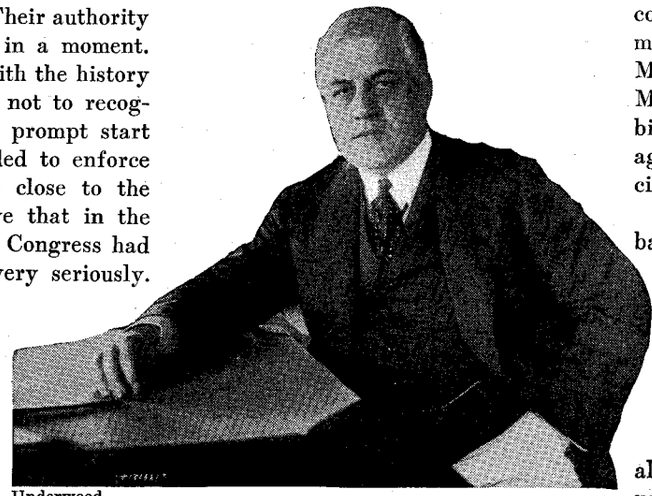
The question arises, where were the militant prohibition organizations which had played so large a part in the enactment of this legislation? Their authority could not have vanished in a moment. They were too familiar with the history of prohibition legislation not to recognize the importance of a prompt start if Congress really intended to enforce the law. They were too close to the scene of action to believe that in the first year of enforcement Congress had taken its responsibility very seriously. Why had they failed to rouse Congress from its lethargy and stir it into action?

The fact of the matter is, that the militant prohibition organizations found themselves in a somewhat equivocal position. They devoutly wished the law to succeed. They were apparently reluctant to bring too much pressure to bear on Congress, in the hope of making it succeed, lest they invite the country to believe that they regarded the first year's experiment as a failure. To ask Congress for drastic action to enforce the law would have been to admit that enforcement required large sums of money. To ask Congress to appropriate this money in the first year of prohibition would all too probably have created fresh opposition to the law precisely at the time when the chief political interest of the country lay in the prompt reduction of its post-war taxes.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 1393.

Confronted by a choice between arousing Congress and reassuring the country, the prohibition organizations chose the second of these two alternatives. Aside from making a scant five million dollars available for the purposes of the Prohibition Bureau, Congress had done literally nothing at the end of a year to enforce the law. The prohibition organizations chose nevertheless to hail the results achieved by Congress as little short of astonishing.

So well had Congress done its work, in the opinion of the Anti-Saloon League, that in this first twelve months the country had saved "at a conservative estimate . . . . more than a billion dollars[10]." Nor need the country fear that against this saving would be charged higher taxes to cover the cost of enforcement. Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, who had been ready to predict in 1920 that the law could be enforced at an annual cost of five million dollars, was now ready to predict in 1921 that it could be enforced without any cost whatever. The law would actually pay dividends. "There will be collected in fines, forfeited bonds and prohibition taxes more than it costs to enforce the law. . . . This appropriation is different from any other appropriation, because it returns to the Government more than is paid out for the service[11]."



Underwood

A. MITCHELL PALMER

In December, 1920, the attorney general's office was being asked to prosecute 3,000 cases a month

Plainly Congress had nothing to fear in so mellow a mood on the part of the friends of prohibition. During this first year it went its way in peace, less bothered by the question of how to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment than it had ever been by the question of whether to enact it.

10. *New York Times*, January 24, 1921.

11. Testimony before Senate Committee on Appropriations, *New York Times*, January 29, 1921.

Not until the second year of prohibition was this serenity interrupted by the appearance of a new problem, suddenly posed before Congress by a totally unexpected decision emanating from the Department of Justice.

This decision was the ruling of Attorney General Palmer, reached at the tag end of the Wilson Administration and announced only after it had taken leave of office, that the Volstead Act placed no limit on the authority of physicians to prescribe beer and wine for medicinal purposes.

As might have been anticipated, the leaders of the prohibition movement lost no time in denouncing this decision as poor law, poor statesmanship and an unfortunate reversal of policy which was certain to encourage the use of liquor as a beverage on the pretext that it was being used as medicine. Under the auspices of the prohibition organizations meetings were held throughout the country in protest against the ruling made by Mr. Palmer. In the Senate Mr. Willis of Ohio and in the House Mr. Campbell of Kansas introduced a bill designed to copper-rivet the law against tampering by executive officials.

This measure not only strictly forbade the prescription of beer as a medicine and limited such prescriptions to spirituous and vinous liquors: in addition, it drew up a rigid code of conduct for the medical profession. No physician was to prescribe any wine containing more than 24 per cent of alcohol by volume. No physician was to prescribe more than one-half pint of alcohol to any one person within a period of ten days or to write more than one hundred such prescriptions in any period of ninety days without special approval from the government.

This was the answer of the friends of prohibition to the challenge of Attorney General Palmer. To many spokesmen of the medical profession, an innocent third party caught in the cogs of this dispute, it seemed to go unreasonably far. The American Therapeutic Society expressed its fear that the Willis-Campbell bill would "hamper a doctor in the legitimate practice or exercise of his functions as a physician[12]." The New York Medical Association protested that there was "nothing inherent in the powers, the tradi-

12. *New York Times*, June 5, 1921.

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tions or the knowledge of Congress to justify this assumption of suzerainty over the profession of medicine as practiced in the United States[13]."

Such protests, however, were dismissed by leaders of the prohibition movement as beside the mark. In the opinion of these leaders a larger issue was at stake than the independence of the medical profession. This issue was the sanctity of prohibition. Doctors who opposed this legislation were described by the Anti-Saloon League as puppets of the liquor trade[14]. Congress was advised to ignore their protests. On June 27 the Willis-Campbell bill was brought before the House, debated for a single day and adopted by a vote of 250 to 93[15]. In the Senate some opposition to the bill developed, but not enough to block its progress. It was adopted by the Senate on August 8 by a vote of 39 to 20[16]; sent to President Harding on November 19th, after a delay in conference; and signed by him on November 23rd.

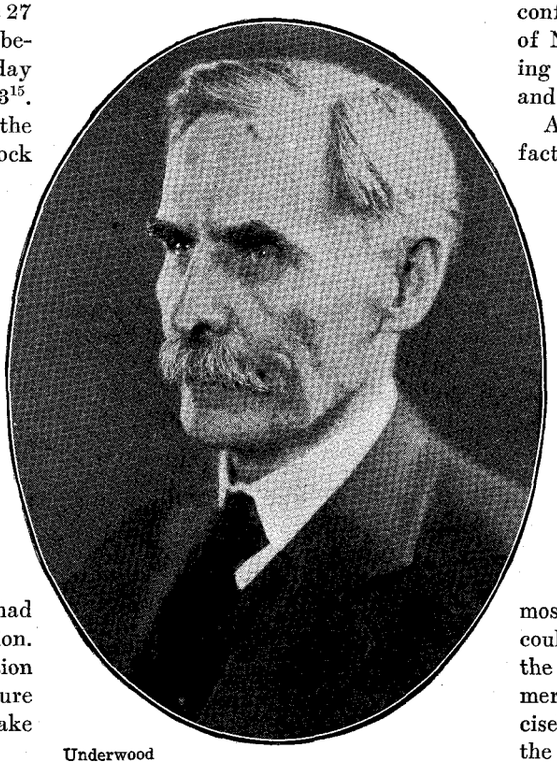
By contrast with the indifference of Congress in the first year of prohibition, here, in the second year, was action. Yet it is clear that this action, designed to close a gap unexpectedly opened in the Volstead Act, actually resulted in creating a situation more anomalous than ever.

For the great difficulty, to date, had not been a lack of drastic legislation. There was plenty of drastic legislation in the Volstead Act. The obvious failure of Congress had been its failure to make that law effective.

At the end of a year it was already clear that if Congress wished to put an end to widespread lawlessness it would be wise to give the country either less law or more machinery of enforcement. At this juncture Congress chose to enact more law, rather than less law, and to create no new machinery to enforce it.

THE Willis-Campbell Law represents a landmark in the work of Congress because it was the first law, and for some years the only law, enacted by Congress to supplement the Volstead Act. Not until March 26, 1924, when a bill to authorize a temporary increase in the Coast Guard received the approval of both Houses[17], did Congress adopt another law in any way concerned with prohibition in the United States.

Meantime, one session succeeded another, and the record revealed no sudden change in the interest of Congress in the problem of enforcement. Now and then a flurry of speech-making would sweep the Senate or the House, with a few wets and drys on either side bitterly assailing one another for bigotry or treason. Now and then some vigorous partisan of prohibition like Mr. Upshaw of Georgia would rise on the floor of one House or the other, to insist that the law must be enforced regardless of the cost, even if Congress was forced to spend "twenty millions or fifty millions or even a hundred millions a year, until this mighty task is completed[18]."



Underwood

ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD

On all such occasions the House was generous with its applause but by no means prepared to yield uncritically to its own enthusiasm. If it frequently cheered to the echo the proposal to enforce the law fearlessly and to the hilt, "regardless of the cost," on no occasion did it accept this principle as a guide to its own action. Appropriations for the Prohibition Bureau remained at a modest figure, so far below the demonstrated needs of the enforcement service that by the end of the second year some of the smaller prohibition organizations, if not the Anti-Saloon League itself, were beginning to be restless.

In November, 1921, the chairman of the Prohibition Party complained that the law had been neglected and deplored "the scandalous, ineffective enforcement in many parts of the country[19]." The American Lutheran Publicity Bureau gave the press a statement declaring that "the authorities in many places are in collusion with the lawbreakers or helpless against the magnitude of the evil; the situation is fast becoming intolerable[20]." The annual conference of the Methodist Churches of New York adopted a resolution asking the President to call out the army and navy to put an end to bootlegging[21].

All told, there was enough dissatisfaction in the air, as prohibition entered its third year, to convince the loyal but inactive dry majority of Congress that the time had come when it must act again. Accordingly, a new bill was brought before the House in April, 1922. It proposed to attack the problem of enforcement not by arming the officers of the law with larger funds or more authority, but by deporting aliens.

This proposal, in the form of a bill to make alien violators of the law liable to deportation for a first offense, was a measure to which most of the prohibition organizations could give their cordial approval, for the reason that it implied no lack of merit in the law itself but fitted in precisely with the theory that opposition to the law was the work of a small company of disloyal malcontents.

In the House itself opinion was divided between those who held this point of view and those who believed that aliens contributed only a small fraction of the number of violations occurring every day; that the right way to enforce the law was to enforce it evenhandedly against all violators; and that the proposal to make alien violators liable to deportation for an act which might involve merely the manufacture of a gallon of home-brewed wine was to create a penalty out of proportion to the character of the offense.

This argument was advanced in the House not only by many opponents of prohibition but by some of its unquestioned friends. Mr. Moore of Virginia warned his dry colleagues that such

13. *New York Times*, May 21, 1921.
14. *New York Tribune*, April 18, 1921.
15. *Congressional Record*, 67th Congress, 1st Session, p. 3135.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 4742.
17. *H. R.* 6815, 68th Congress, 1st Session.
18. *Congressional Record*, 67th Congress, 4th Session, p. 4544.
19. *Associated Press dispatch*, Chicago, November 29, 1921.
20. *New York Times*, January 12, 1922.
21. *New York Times*, April 4, 1922.

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legislation as this might react against their cause[22]. Mr. Huddleston of Alabama, describing himself as a life-long prohibitionist, insisted that the proposal to punish alien violators first "by fine and imprisonment in this country and then by banishment to some foreign land from which perhaps the alien fled to save his life . . . marks the high tide of fanaticism and intolerance[23]."

Such protests as these, however, merely stimulated friends of the bill to redouble their efforts in its behalf. Mr. Cramton of Michigan told the House that aliens who were unwilling "to support the supreme law of the land, the codification of our American spirit," deserved small consideration at the hands of Congress: "for God's sake send them back where they come from[24]." Mr. Roach of Missouri replied to those critics of the bill who had described it as too drastic: "I want to answer that," said Mr. Roach, "by saying that in our attempt to support the Constitution of the United States and enforce it, we are not going to write a law that is too drastic for that purpose. That is exactly the trouble now, that the laws by which the Eighteenth Amendment is to be enforced are not sufficiently drastic[25]."

Here, certainly, was a familiar theme: the theme that what the situation needed was not a vigorous effort to enforce existing law, an effort which required thought and money, but a fresh supply of drastic legislation, which cost nothing.

By a vote of 222 to 73 the House adopted the bill for deportation and sent it to the Senate[26].

In this same year the Prohibition Bureau continued to roll its heavy stone uphill, its budget having been increased over its budget for the previous year merely by a nominal $400,000.

THE Senate having shown no interest during 1922 in the plan of the House to deport aliens, and criticism of Congress on the score of its inaction having mounted, meantime, rather than diminished, the House looked elsewhere at the start of the fourth year of prohibition for an opportunity to contribute something to the enforcement of the law. This time it turned its attention in the direction of the diplomatic corps.

22. *Congressional Record*, 67th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 5079.
23. *Ibid.*, p. 5071.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 5075.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 5081
26. *Ibid.*, p. 5083.

The issue arose early in the year when Mr. Cramton of Michigan, who had been active in support of the deportation bill, introduced a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to reveal what shipments of intoxicating liquors had been received by the embassies and legations in Washington since January, 1920, "giving in connection with each such shipment the name and office of each consignee, the country to which he was accredited, the kind and quantity of liquor, the place from which shipped to the United States, to whom delivered by the Customs Service and the date of such delivery to the consignee or his representative[27]."

Underwood
REPRESENTATIVE CRAMTON OF MICHIGAN

The question at issue, Mr. Cramton insisted, was by no means trivial. Charges had been made that diplomatic liquor was pouring into the hands of bootleggers. In Washington "the problem of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is said to be acutely affected by the presence of these liquors." The question was a serious one. "It is time Congress and the country knew the facts[28]."

Introduced in the House on February 3rd, Mr. Cramton's resolution brought a reply from the Secretary of the Treasury on February 13th. It was a well established principle, this official pointed out, "that diplomatic representatives of foreign governments are entitled to free entry of goods as a matter of international comity and usage." This being the case, the Treasury "could not properly give out any reports or other information as to importations of intoxicating liquor by diplomatic representatives, in view of their diplomatic status and the protection of person and property to which that entitles them[29]."

This statement from the Treasury was by no means satisfactory to Mr. Cramton. The liquor record of the embassies, he insisted, was a matter of importance to the country. This record was available at the Treasury. "It ought to be furnished to the Congress, the body which has the responsibility of dealing with the question." Mr. Cramton therefore insisted that the House adopt his resolution and call on the Treasury to divulge its facts[30].

Opposition to this plan was expressed by Mr. Parker of New Jersey and by Mr. Garrett of Tennessee, who insisted that the only result of it would be to promote "friction and trouble and irritation on the part of foreign countries[31]." The House, however, was plainly in a mood for action. A good deal of time had elapsed since the adoption of the alien deportation bill and nothing had happened in the meantime to convince the more restless friends of prohibition that Congress was sternly resolved to enforce the law.

By a vote of 189 to 113 the House adopted Mr. Cramton's resolution and sent it to the Treasury, where it came to rest. For since the Secretary of the Treasury was required to divulge only such information as was not incompatible with public interest and since he had already expressed his opinion that it would be incompatible with public interest to divulge this particular information, there was nothing more to be done about it. Here the matter ended.

This was the sole contribution made by Congress to the cause of prohibition during its fourth year. No other bill was adopted either in the Senate or the House. No other bill was seriously debated. The Senate spent a few minutes on one occasion discussing a bill introduced by Mr. Sterling, designed to bring the Prohibition Bureau under Civil

(Please Turn to Page 318)

27. H. Res. 503, 67th Congress, 4th Session.
28. *Congressional Record*, 67th Congress, 4th Session, p. 3789.
29. *Ibid.*, pp. 3790-1.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 3791.
31. *Ibid.*, pp. 3792-3.

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▶▶ Our Changing Football Rules ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

TINKERING with the football rules has been a favorite parlor pastime since 28 B.C. In that year, Caesar Augustus decreed that the football code must be revised.

Did the Roman emperor, anticipating Theodore Roosevelt's action, insist that the game be modified in the interest of safety? Quite the reverse. Augustus regarded football as too tame and gentle a sport wherein to train centurions for the grim business of war. He wanted it tougher!

That was 1958 years ago, but the inter-collegiate football rules committee is still trying to finish what Augustus started. Generations of "meddlesome matties" have tampered with Americanized football, making drastic changes or adding amendments until Walter Camp would not recognize his own brain child.

When Camp died the tinkerers redoubled their activities. Not content with taking the foot out of football by the simple expedient of exiling the goal posts to Siberia, the meddlers decided to eliminate the element of luck. This was a large order, but the revolutionary "dead ball" rule of 1928, protecting the fumbler from the full consequence of his act, has certainly lessened the likelihood of fluky runs.

Since 1876 hardly a year has passed without a minor or major surgical operation on the hapless football rules.

This progressive metamorphosis reached a climax last fall in the no-run-from-fumble amendment, a radical ruling, which, according to a sardonic son of Eli, "automatically nullified Princeton's offense." He referred, in case you don't know your Big Three Bible, to the Princeton penchant for scooping up a loose ball and converting it into a touchdown.

As if frightened by their own daring, the football solons tacitly agreed to take a sabbatical leave in 1930. Incredible as it seems, they have left the football code virtually unchanged. But shift plays—Knute Rockne's bread and butter—still cause the Rules Committee uneasiness. For 1930 the pause after a shift has been more definitely specified. All eleven players are now required to remain stationary for "at least one second" after emerging from a shift or huddle. It is suggested that the referee carry a split second watch to time this interlude accurately. If he doesn't own a watch, he may gauge the second's delay by counting up to six "rapidly." Just how fast is "rapidly"? By slurring his numerals an accommodating referee could lend Notre Dame aid and comfort. Conversely, a slow count might benefit the defense as much as it helped Gene Tunney at Chicago. Teams that live by the shift should shun a stuttering referee or else chip in to buy him a watch.

It should be diverting to see a referee cock one eye on his watch while he focuses the other on the field of play. His divided attention may prove a boon to pugnacious youngsters who enjoy taking a surreptitious sock at an opponent's chin.

Dangerous scrambles for a ball that rolls out of bounds have been minimized by arbitrarily awarding it to the team whose player last touched it on the field of play. Prior to this year many a youngster banged his head against bench, yard stick, or retaining wall in a wild stampede for possession out of bounds.

ANOTHER slight change in the 1930 code provides that the ball must be inflated to a pressure between twelve and a half and thirteen and a half pounds. This prevents chicanery. A coach who is weak in kickers but well supplied with passers can no longer get the edge by introducing a soft, flabby pigskin which is easy to grip and catch but hard to punt.

Though the code remains substantially the same, American football is still feeling the backwash of the radical dead ball rule. The pigskin may change possession after a fumble, but, if recovered by an opponent, it cannot be advanced. Bear in mind that any member of the side which fumbles is entitled to pick up the ball and run as far as he can. Only the defense is hobbled. There is one exception, a discrepancy which strikes me as fundamentally unjust. An "air-line fumble" is not granted immunity from a run-back.

I see no reason why the rules should punish an air-line fumble while giving quasi protection to one which strikes the ground. All fumbles should be dealt with on a common basis. Certainly, it is easy to distinguish between an intercepted forward pass and a fumble that sails on the fly into an adversary's hands.

When the "still pond, no fair moving" principle was woven into the football code, ultra-conservatives shouted "sacrilege." "The thrill has been taken out of football," dissenters argued, "the underdog has been denied the inalienable right to capitalize a powerful rival's blunders. Sam Whites are doomed to extinction."

Of course you remember Sam White, the gawky Princeton end who beat Harvard and Yale on successive Saturdays by grasping opportunity. His Harvard run would still be legal, since it originated in a blocked kick, but his mud spattering romp at New Haven would not be allowed today. A Yale back missed his signal that rainy afternoon and White, snatching up the orphaned ball, escorted it across the goal line sixty yards distant.

Princeton graduates gave Sam White a banquet to celebrate his single handed winning of the Big Three Title. Introducing the guest of honor, Toastmaster Lou Reichner quoted from I Samuel, III, 11: "And the Lord said to Samuel, behold I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it will tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house; when I begin I will also make an end."

At this point an irreverent diner shouted, "I'll say he did!"

ALARMISTS fail to realize that the very rule which throttled fluky runs from fumbles encourages the use of the prettiest and most dramatic play in football. I refer to the lateral pass, a maneuver which never gained popularity until the fumble was given partial protection. Laterals were double-edged weapons before the dead ball rule was passed. A Rugby toss which miscued usually had a boomerang reaction. Defensive linemen, coming through in the path of a fumbled lateral, could pick up the ball and cakewalk to a touchdown.

If the run from fumble ban has done away with the tang of uncertainty which added spice to football the spectator may find ample compensation in watching two or three halfbacks shuttle the ball from one to another on the dead run. In losing our Sam Whites and "Ducky" Ponds we have gained the deft artistry of such fluent Rugby tandems as Devens to Mays and Masters to Gentle.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Civic Progress and Business

NASHVILLE, St. Louis, Kansas City,—a trio of industrial centers in which community spirit marches briskly along whether business is good, bad or indifferent. And, believe it or not, they all have their eyes on Chicago. They know that city far better than the eastern seaboard does. And they appraise it more fairly, not on the basis of Capones and machine guns but in the light of a glorious civic development which is being worked out along the shores of Lake Michigan.

We hated to leave Nashville, with its memories of three Tennessee presidents; its outpost, "Old Hickory," where "The Hermitage" speaks of the past and one of the world's largest rayon plants of the present and future; its splendid educational centers,—Vanderbilt, Peabody, Scarritt and the swanky Ward-Belmont; Centennial Park, with the world's only replica of the Parthenon; and, above all, unfailing hospitality. Business, we were glad to discover, has turned the corner in Nashville.

In St. Louis few people wanted to talk business, as Wild Bill Hallahan had just tamed the Athletics and the city had gone loco. But give a citizen of this 49th State a lead on civic improvement and he is off. That means more to him than any world's series. And the same password goes in Kansas City. Shall it be the Ninth Street Plan or the Fifteenth Street Plan? The Ten-year Committee is carefully studying both of them.

These great community movements will have two far-reaching results. They will give hundreds of thousands of Americans a new feeling of civic pride and a new appreciation of beauty in architecture. And they will provide employment for many who sorely need it, as well as business for manufacturers and distributors of a wide variety of construction materials.

Collections—Southern Style

THROUGHOUT the country, collections have held up surprisingly well during this trying summer. This applies to both open-book accounts and instalment business. Inquiry into collections was an important item on the agenda for the present business pilgrimage, and in every city visited thus far the reports have been favorable. The explanation is found, in all probability, in a conservative credit policy and more intelligent and vigorous collection methods.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 9—82.9. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 9—72.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended September 27—950,381 cars (reduction of 2,131 under preceding week and 252,758 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended October 4—56½% of capacity (reduction of 3½% under preceding week and 27½% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended October 4—daily average gross 2,386,950 barrels (reduction of 2,800 under preceding week and 500,100 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended October 4— 1,780,000 bushels (reduction of 895,000 under preceding week and 1,462,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 9—$10,096,138,000 (reduction of 14.2% under preceding week and 29.7% under the same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 9—473 (increase of 26 over preceding week and 105 over same week of 1929).

In Nashville we saw an interesting credit problem worked out in the grandstand at the Tennessee Colored Fair. A colored boy of about fourteen was selling package candies, gum and peanuts from a tray. An older boy, one of a crowd of loud-talking smarties, said, "Gimme a choklit bar—I'll pay you tomorrow." The youngster mildly observed, "Tomorrow might never come," whereupon the smarty replied, "I'll take one anyway," and grabbed a bar from the tray.

The salesman pleaded in vain for the jitney, and then disappeared. In a few minutes he came back without his tray, but with about two-thirds of a good red brick in his hand. The collection process proceeded. "Gimme that money!" No response. Then he drew back his arm with a Hallahan windup and we have never seen a person of any color move as fast as the smart alec did in digging up the coin and squaring his indebtedness.

"Collections down here," a Tennessee wholesaler told us, "have three main points. First, we ask for our money. Second, we expect to get it. Third, we get it." What could be sweeter?

Vagaries—Series 9

A HARD-BOILED Kansas City man wants to know whether the business oddities reported from time to time on this page are real happenings or did we make them up out of our head and have wood enough left to make a table. "Vagaries" are, to the best of our knowledge, actual facts, and here are more of them:

1. That slump in the lion market in Germany. Grade A lions may now be bought in Hamburg for 3,000 marks, or about $700.

2. That new rail-laying equipment on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which does most of the work by machinery—bad news for section hands and other maintenance of way employees.

3. Those genial robots, Mike and Pat, who (or should it be "which"?) welcome visitors at radio shows and count them as they come in. Night club hostesses are said to be not at all worried about their jobs.

4. That California coachman who left part of an estate of $100,000 to a society matron by whom he had been employed. Chauffeurs in and near Redwood City are pooling their tips to finance an investigation.

5. That Clark University physicist who is going to do away with coal and drive locomotives with a motor that generates steam power by means of mirrors which harness the heat rays of the sun. The Diesel engine, however, may beat him to it.

6. That scheme of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to give its cars rubber heels. In order to make the rolling-stock ride more smoothly, the B. and O. is putting rubber pads on the spring ends and wherever metal touches metal in the trucks of passenger cars.

Pierpontifex Maximus

NEITHER rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, nor any of the rest of them, can fail to get a thrill out of *Morgan the Magnificent* (Vanguard Press $3.50) by John K. Winkler, who also did the portrait in oils of John D. Rockefeller.

How "J. P." built up the most powerful, if not the wealthiest, financial dynasty in America is an oft-told tale. The pleasure one gets in reading Mr. Winkler's book comes not so much from his presentation and interpretation of financial history as from the sidelights he brings out, revealing an intensely human personality.

Mr. Winkler has given us far more than a biography,—it's a slice of life.

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Taxing Speculative Profits

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

SPEAKING to the American Bankers' Association President Hoover, in urging the development of greater stability in business, referred to the tax on capital gains as a possible influence upon inflation and instability "by strangling the free movement of land and securities." He did not call for the repeal of this tax, but suggested an inquiry to determine whether the allegations against it were well-founded.

This will probably revive the discussion of a question long debated. Since the war various movements have been launched for the repeal of the tax on capital gains. Congress in 1921 took a middle ground between repeal and taxing all such gains as ordinary income, and since then this compromise has remained intact.

The income-tax law defines capital gains as net profit derived from the sale of property which has been held two years or longer. Capital gains include profits on securities as well as on more tangible property like real estate, but this term does not apply to goods which ordinarily would be classed as inventory or as property held by the taxpayer primarily for sale in his regular business. Capital gains are for the most part either speculative profits or profits picked up in side-line transactions which are not necessarily speculative.

Before 1922 all such gains were taxable under the income-tax law at the same rate as salaries, professional income, and regular business earnings. The revenue acts of the war years fixed the maximum rate of the surtax above 60 per cent. In 1921, when plans were made to bring the rates down to peacetime basis, a radical bloc in Congress prevented the reduction of the maximum rate of the surtax below 50 per cent.

Strong arguments were against a heavy rate on capital gains. In cases where these gains had accumulated over years and the average yearly increment was very moderate, it was held to be grossly unfair to apply the same rate which would fall upon equal income earned within a single year. It was further alleged that so high a rate would put a brake on the sale of property and not only handicap business but curtail the government's revenue.

Congress was impressed with these arguments and adopted a compromise measure giving the taxpayer the choice of paying the regular income-tax rates on his capital gains or of paying a flat rate of 12½ per cent regardless of the amount subject to taxation. The method the taxpayer now follows depends on the size of his capital gains. If they are under $30,000 the regular normal tax and surtax will be somewhat less than the flat rate of 12½ per cent, and he will obviously choose the least burdensome method. In recent years the revenue derived from taxing capital gains has become an important item in the federal budget. In 1923 the amount of such gains reported by all taxpayers was a little more than 1 per cent of all reported income; by 1928 it had increased to about 6.5 per cent. Later returns will probably show a sharp drop because of the collapse of the bull market.

One argument in favor of repealing the tax on capital gains is that it will end selling stocks to "establish losses." These losses, if incurred with due regard to certain technical requirements stipulated by the Treasury Department, are legally deductible from taxable incomes. If the tax on gains is repealed the rule will work both ways, and Wall Street losses will be no longer deductible.

SOME of the arguments for repeal have nothing to do with the stock market. Suppose, for example, that two citizens hold similar pieces of real estate over the same period and that both have the same paper gain from the increment in land values. One has misfortunes and is forced to sell, whereupon the government steps in and appropriates parts of his receipts; the other, being prosperous, does not sell and escapes this levy. Moreover, the earnings of the first, accumulated over many years, are taxed as if they had accrued within a single year.

With the big break in stock prices came a renewed demand for the repeal of the tax on capital gains. It was asserted that this tax had played a part in creating inflation; that traders with large profits in sight refused to take them because of the heavy taxes they would have to pay, and that by holding their stock off the market they created an artificial scarcity which sent prices still higher and made them still less willing to take profits and subject themselves to still heavier taxation.

The outcome was that they overstayed the bull market, and gains were changed to losses. The Federal Treasury in consequence has been getting less revenue than it might have obtained under a different mode of taxation. Not only that, but thousands of small investors who had no share in this evasion of taxes were made to suffer for the shortcomings of others. It is argued that if the law had not treated the appreciation of capital values as income many of the excesses of 1929 might have been avoided.

THAT the prospect of heavy income taxes did deter some market operators from taking profits while they had a chance is a reasonable assumption, but there seems to be little ground for the assertion that this was a major influence in bringing on the débâcle. Most speculators were not nearly so much interested in avoiding taxes by holding on to their securities as they were in extracting the last possible dollar out of the greatest bull market in history. At the peak of the inflation they were assured by those in high financial places that stocks were still relatively cheap, and so they held on and bought more.

Congress in its present humor is not likely to listen sympathetically to any proposal for the complete abolition of this tax. It would not be good politics, even if good economics, to exempt the profits derived from speculation while taxing salaries and the incomes of those engaged in ordinary trade. Criticism is even heard at times of the limitation of the tax on capital gain to 12½ per cent when the surtax on other kinds of income goes as high as 20 per cent. It is not easy to make a scientific tax system popular in a democracy.

Congress has already made one concession toward lightening the burdens of this tax, and there are still defects, such as have been noted here, in its administration. A re-examination of the capital gains tax in the light of experience since it was last changed may show further shortcomings which should be corrected. But even if the tax has had the effect ascribed to it of encouraging inflation and speculation, the stimulus to speculation which might follow its elimination will also call for consideration. It is not impossible that the second state would be as bad as the first.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Is the New Humanism Good?

LAST winter, readers not in touch with critical thought in America except through the dubious medium of the columns conducted by newspaper and magazine reviewers, were surprised to find themselves bombarded by comment upon a thing called "Humanism" or the "New Humanism." The comment struck intelligent readers as singularly irrelevant. Something had aroused the violent animosity of reviewers. They flung a few quoted phrases into the air, like clay pigeons, and shot them to pieces for the edification of their readers. "Reactionary"—pop! "Inhibited"—pop! "Calvanist"—pop! "Academic dry-as-dust"—pop! Presently, having spent their ammunition, they said that the New Humanism was dead. Gorham Munson, a critic particularly well fitted to interpret the New Humanism because he is, by his own account, not a New Humanist, has written a book designed to explain the subject, to tell the history of a movement just coming into flower, to describe the humanistic temper, and to suggest a valid basis for constructive criticism. *The Dilemma of the Liberated* (Coward, McCann $3.50) is written in clear and understandable fashion. Munson's style, not hitherto distinguished for its clarity, is here admirably adapted to the simple and lucid exposition of his subject. He opens his book with a brief history of "Humanism," and, although he believes that too much emphasis has been put at times upon the relation of the twentieth century movement to Greek Humanism and to the Humanism of the Renaissance (when the word was born and applied to a doctrine formulated by students of the classics), readers will nevertheless remember that Greek Humanism was originally a protest against the supernaturalism of official Greek religion, and that Renaissance Humanism was a protest against the medieval belief in "indignity of man" as exemplified in the doctrine of Original Sin, and in the "placing of perfection far above the human plane." The connection between the Humanism of these past ages and that of the twentieth century is not at once apparent. But sentences from some of Munson's earlier chapters help to establish it. For the supernaturalism which the Greeks opposed, read "our exclusive reliance upon scientific investigation" as against the "kind of knowledge offered by art," our "belief that the world is a vast mechanical concern, thoroughly materialistic, orderly and eventually knowable, but without purpose, and in this world man is an accidental form of life." For "the indignity of man" as exemplified in the doctrines of Original Sin and of "perfection far above the human plane," read "the indignity of man as exemplified in 'the conceptions of psycho-analyst and Behaviorist alike.'" Mr. Munson, having given a brief history of the New Humanist movement in America, proceeds to orientate it by describing its counterparts in France and England. He then clarifies two misconceptions, showing that Humanism is not Neo-classicism, and that Humanism is not Humanitarianism (a common misconception). From this point he proceeds to discuss Humanism's "creative conception of man," defining "submission to the natural self" as the "romantic attitude"—(substitute "naturalistic" for "romantic" if you find it easier to understand)—and "responsibility for the natural self" as the humanistic attitude. To the Humanist, "man creates his manliness." The reader at once perceives that the man who makes himself over in his image of the perfect man takes the truly creative attitude toward himself and toward life; that this is *creation* as opposed to *self-expression.* When Mr. Munson comes to his chapters on the Discipline of Humanism and on Humanism and Education, Science, Economics, Politics, he reaches the points which have aroused the greatest opposition. In the chapter on the Discipline you will find reference to the "inner check" which has been so much discussed. If this looks to you suspiciously like *conscience* (not the Young Men's Bible Class variety which so alarms the Menckenites), turn the page and you will find that Mr. Munson defines it as "some abiding developed sense of how it is fitting that the being Man should conduct himself in a life that may be a school of experience but certainly reveals no easily accessible master of the school." To this reviewer, the Humanist attitude toward economics and politics is an awkward stumbling block. This may be because our thought is so circumscribed by the vocabulary of our period that we find it impossible to conceive of a leadership of a responsible aristocracy in other than capitalistic terms. In the matter of the attitude toward science, Mr. Munson describes it, in substance, as follows: science has to do with externals, is directed toward quantity values; Humanism has to do with internals, is directed toward quality values; man must take externals into consideration and must be guided by them, *but not ruled by them.* Mr. Munson finds the Humanist attitude toward education the point at

Illustration by Boris Artzybasheff in Padraic Colum's "Orpheus: Myths of the World" (Macmillan)

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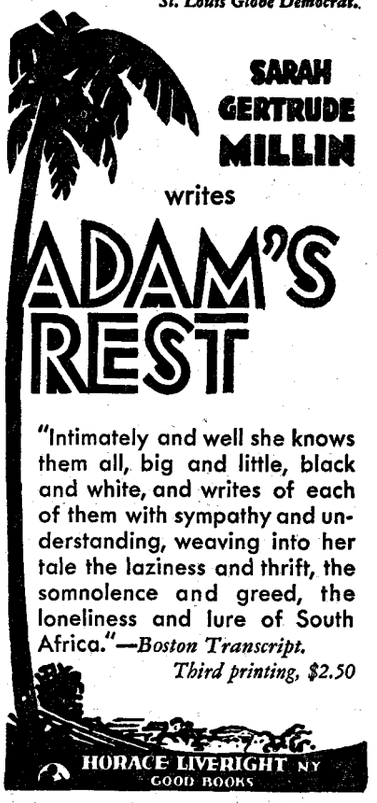

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which the movement can be of the greatest immediate value in American life, and readers who have become sceptical of the romantic trend in contemporary education will agree with him. The frequently quoted words of President Eliot and of Irving Babbitt are apt, here. Education is "training for power and service," said Eliot; "training for wisdom and character," said Babbitt. Upon your agreement with one or the other of these statements will hang your opinion of the Humanistic view of education. In his final chapters on the Dilemma of the Liberated and the End of the Tether, Mr. Munson states his own criticism of Humanism, and outlines a basis for criticism which shall be not merely clownish or fatuously destructive, as most has been, so far, but shall be creative. Humanism's critics, to date, have been "living examples of the fallacies and partialities exposed by the New Humanists rather than exposers of the latters' weaknesses." But, to Mr. Munson, "Humanism has the value, and it is a high value, of wise conjecture about the way to lead a human life." If it is lost, if its contribution is wasted, western civilization may well have destroyed a potential savior. This is a pure western concept, the Humanist's, of man as his own master and redeemer. It has in it the possibility of showing the way to save a civilization which, to many, appears headed for destruction. It seems to this reviewer that the New Humanist movement offers a meeting-ground for the men and women of today who find themselves obliged to dissent from the contemporary conception of civilization and the good life, but who cannot, with any truth at all, be called either reactionary or obstructionist.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

THE Victorian age is always a fascinating subject, whether for analysis or reminiscence. The former method is that of Esme Wingfield-Stratton in *More Earnest Victorians* (Morrow $3.50), the latter that of E. F. Benson in *As We Were: A Victorian Peep Show* (Longmans $4). Dr. Wingfield-Stratton follows in his new work the general plan he used in his *History of British Civilization*—that of dealing chiefly with "humanized history." Now, as before, he is not so much concerned with making a connected narrative, as in bringing out salient characteristics of the period. At times he seems intent on comparing the Victorian age with the gross and yet theologically puritanic period before it, and with our own generation. But he never does strike a balance. His generalization of the Victorian age is that "by the tests of individual achievement, collective achievement, and moral progress, we find that it passes all three with flying colors." And he adds: "As for the alleged hypocrisy of the Victorians as compared with ourselves, we must remember that to an age that prides itself on its entire freedom from any sort of moral idealism, the moral earnestness that was the keynote of the Victorian character is naturally repellent." This is a bit sweeping as to both ages. Earnest the Victorians certainly were; but too often earnest about the wrong thing.

It must not be thought that Dr. Wingfield-Stratton's book is solely a studied essay or philosophic argument; it abounds in personal anecdotes and amusing illustrative incidents—in fact, the author cannot resist telling a good story even if it isn't to the point. What light, for instance, does it throw on the Victorian age to be told that rumor credited Charlotte Brontë with being "the original Becky to Thackeray's Rochester." More to the point and really illustrative is that of a heckler's question to John Stuart Mill at a parliamentary election. The crowd was largely of workmen. The heckler asked, "Have you not said in your writings that working men are generally liars?" "I did," said Mill—and the workmen roared their applause! Thus the book is almost constantly entertaining; and if its conclusions are nebulous, the discussion is a splendid starting point for debate.

Through his "Peep Show" view of the Victorians Mr. Benson draws on his wide personal acquaintance with men and women of note. His chapter on "Three Monumental Figures" gives his intimate glances at and new anecdotes about Victoria, Gladstone and Tennyson, who loom up in his estimate as of greater physical stature than the eminent men of our day. To this trio Mr. Benson might well have added his own father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose rigor and unyielding strength of purpose were combined with domestic charm. We get a much fuller view of the Archbishop here than in Mr. Benson's *Our Family Affairs*. That book, by the way, together with Mr. Benson's boy stories about David Blaize and his novel *McChalloners* stand out in his enormous literary accomplishment as best worth reading while his three Dodo novels are all but forgotten.

Notable among the rather miscellaneous chapters of the present book are those on "Three Great Ladies"—the Duchess of Manchester, Lady London-

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derry and Lady Ripon, who all had regal personality, graciousness and beauty. Less interesting are his stories about Cambridge life, some of which he utilized as fiction in his novel called "The Babe, B.A." One might suppose that all possible had been said about his "Two Scandals"—the Prince of Wales' baccarat affair and Oscar Wilde; but again our author presents new material. The same is true of the squabbles of Whistler, Swinburne and other "Rebels," who acted like "cantankerous bantams."

Mr. Benson is to be thanked for giving us in a constantly entertaining way something more than Peep Show glimpses of English social, literary and political life in the later Victorian era.

R. D. T.

OF THE five novels read this week, two are by old hands, three, first novels. The old hands are both writers more inclined to point morals than to adorn tales. *Rock and Sand* by John Rathbone Oliver (Macmillan $2.50) is a story of French Canadian residents and English Canadian and American visitors in a village on the St. Lawrence. To the instability and aimlessness of the Americans is contrasted the strength rooted in faith of the Habitants. The author's wide experience of psychology permits him to use a variety of characters and to present them fully. But the plot of the novel is a pretty clumsy affair, and the *lessons* are so heavily underlined as to repel even the most sympathetic reader. *Unhappy Wind* by Nelson Antrim Crawford (Coward-McCann $2.50) is a study of the adolescence of that type of neurotic youth who seeks escape from his self-baulked yearning for physical embraces by leaping into the bosom of the church. It is interesting as a study of a human being who is moved solely by sense impulses. But the hero's insistent translation of every sense impression into terms of color, while no doubt significant from a psychologist's point of view, is boring to the ordinary reader of fiction. Of the three first novels, the most striking is *A River Goes With Heaven* by Howell Vines (Little, Brown $2). In the novels which the young South is writing by the score, one has learned to expect atmosphere, sensuous appreciation of nature, self-expression; in other words, the romanticism assocated with the South in new terms. These three elements are the basis of *A River Goes With Heaven*. But it stands out among its kind for the shining depth of its atmosphere, the passion and transmittability of its feeling for nature and the richness of its self-expression. One receives from it the impression that the author's inspiration is like the jug of Baucis, always over-flowing, that he has not by any means written himself out in this long book. Language, characters and scene make the reading of this simple story of a boy's education in love and wisdom at the hands of an old man, a girl and two rivers a happy and exciting experience. *Monique* by Yvonne Dufour (Dutton $2.50) is the story of a French girl married to a New Yorker and is less a commentary on international marriage or on the life of wealthy America as seen by a foreigner than it is a study in divided loyalties. The picture of the sensitive girl torn between the new home and her old is touching. The novel is slight, but has considerable charm. *Bandar-Log* by A. W. Smith (Little, Brown $2.50) is from the point of view of straight story-telling, the best of these

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novels. It is a good tale, full of drama, character play and vivid setting, and has to do with the love of an Englishman in India for a Eurasian girl, not the usual miscegenation stuff but an excellent, plausible story which holds the reader's interest and commands his sympathies. Furthermore it is the work of a mature, experienced writer.

F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

NOTHING we have read in a long time has given us as much pleasure as Grace Zaring Stone's *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*[1]. It is the story of Megan Davis, who went out to China to marry a missionary, was rescued by a Chinese general from an angry mob, and spent several days in the general's household where she became acquainted with Mahli, his English speaking concubine, and Shultz, his American financial adviser. Then a reversal of the general's fortunes places them all in danger, they attempt to escape, General Yen is killed and Shultz gets Megan away and brings her back to her friends. The story is told with great delicacy and restraint—a series of pictures, episodes and conversations, presented with economy and grace, and giving you more clearly than would many heavy tomes on China, the difference between the Oriental and the Occidental points of view. ☙☙☙ *Blowing Clear*[2] is another Joseph Lincoln—the thirty-somethingth—full of sea breezes and codfish and New England fishermen and pleasant, kindly humor. It's the story of a hermit-fisherman and his son—and if you have liked Lincoln's stories in the past, you will enjoy this one. This author may not take his audience up very high, but he never lets them down. ☙☙☙ *The John Riddell Murder Case*[3], by John Riddell, (alias Corey Ford), concerns the death by boredom of a reviewer. Philo Vance is called in, and he examines the evidence: the books in the corpse's library. There were some curious circumstances which Vance at once noticed. The cigarette in the dead man's fingers was still burning. There was "the odd fact that once or twice the deceased entered inadvertently into the conversation!" There were scarabs, fingerprints, a coiled adder and "a little bearded man in a turban who walked rapidly out of the woodbox, dusting his hands, disappeared up the chimney, and does not appear in our story again." And then Vance reads excerpts from various books. These parodies are some of them very good, some of them uproariously funny. But the book is about three times too long. No parody can stand such extended treatment. Compressed into a hundred pages it would be a magnificent piece of spoofing. The caricatures by Covarrubias are delightful. ☙☙☙ Tongues began to wag in South Ridge when it was known that Anne Morton had found a dead man in her parlor when she came home from the Curtis's party. Faster and faster they wagged when it was learned that on the same night Mrs. Watson's jewels had disappeared. And who was the fox-faced man who looked in the window? And whose were the silhouettes on the shade? With the help of Anne's friend Emily, Detective Devore probes the mystery, sets a trap for the criminal, and after giving the reader a few horrid moments of suspense, captures him. Oh yes, the book is *The Moonhill Mystery*[4], and it's approved by the Board. ☙☙☙ P. C. Wren, literary papa of that race of more than life-size heroes, the Geste family, has produced, in *Mysterious Waye*[5], an excellent thriller. A gang of clever crooks who are running a sanitarium in England are terrified by the appearance of the gent of the title, who knows their past, but whom they can't place. He has just killed one of their old associates, and demands that they take him in and provide an alibi. Though they know him to be plotting their ruin, they dare not kill him. This is an error in judgment, as one by one they find out to their cost. ☙☙☙ Our animal book for the week is *Bring 'Em Back Alive*[6], the adventures of Frank Buck, who has filled American zoos with birds and animals from all over the globe. If you feel the need for a rhino, a hyena or a babiroussa, drop Mr. Buck a line. He'll get you one. And if you like animal adventure stories, read his book. ☙☙☙ *Son of Minos*[7], by David Cheney, is a heroic romance of the days when civilization rested in Crete, island of the sea-kings. The novel is more interesting as archeology than as fiction, for the author, in spite of much knowledge and a soaring imagination, cannot bring his world to life. His style, however, is admirably suited to this sort of work, for he does not make the stupid mistake of telling a story out of the age of myth in colloquialisms of today. If we must read of Ariadne and the Minotaur and of battles on the Trojan plain (for there is a little of everything in this novel), at least we are permitted to read poetic and dignified language. ☙☙☙ A lot of people are going to be disappointed in *A Saturday Life*[8], an earlier novel by the author of *The Well of Loneliness*. There is nothing even remotely improper in it. In fact, there's not much of anything in it. Sidonia, daughter of Lady Shore, reveals successively exceptional talent in every line of artistic endeavor; drops each one for the next one, and drops the last to marry and have a baby. ☙☙☙ We always enjoy spending two or three hours unraveling deeds of darkness with the titled and talented Lord Peter Wimsey, and his latest case, *Strong Poison*[9], has now, after being read, joined the small group of best thrillers on our shelves. Here we have Harriet Vane, on trial for the murder of Philip Boyes, a former lover. Harriet was known to have bought arsenic; she was writing a story which dealt with the use of that poison; moreover, shortly after every meeting Philip had with her he was violently ill. After the last meeting he passed away painfully, and the autopsy showed him to be well lined with arsenic. It looked like a clear case, but Wimsey wasn't satisfied. Neither was the jury. They disagreed, and in the interval before the re-trial Lord Peter commenced his private investigations. Very cleverly he built up his case against the real criminal in what for us was a plausible, ingenious and very entertaining detective story.

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Some New Ways of Living

As set forth in recent psychological studies

MANY years ago, William James, in his famous address, The Will to Believe, advanced the hypothesis that faith has to be wooed. To be steadfast in a materialistic world where scientists urge allegiance to facts (though we all know how swiftly yesterday's facts are discarded) an attitude of religious conviction has to be created and re-created continually. So it is with happiness. Bertrand Russell calls his new book The Conquest of Happiness (Horace Liveright) because he is certain that happiness must be fought for and won. It is not, except in rare cases, something that drops into the mouth like a ripe fruit by the mere operation of fortunate circumstances. For most men and women, happiness is "an achievement rather than a gift of the gods, and in that achievement effort, both inward and outward must play a great part."

Bertrand Russell is more of a philosopher, perhaps, than a psychologist, although boundary lines between the two subjects are still in dispute. He has meditated deeply about the sources of happiness and unhappiness and reached the conclusion that many unhappy people could become happy if only they would. Part of the trick is in understanding where values lie and being willing to strip life of its foolish trappings. Then, too, self-centeredness must be given up, passions and interests turned outward, and the habit of giving, established. Perhaps the greatest, most lasting source of joy is in a profound, instinctive union with the stream of life. When this deep sense of fellowship with the whole world is achieved, one is no longer a hard, separate entity like a billiard ball which can have no relation to other entities, except by collision, but a citizen of the universe.

Walter B. Pitkin who also has written on the psychology of happiness has now turned his attention to *The Psychology of Achievement* (Simon and Schuster). What is the difference he seeks to decide, between a man who can organize his wishes and abilities into a life pattern which leads to a definite end, and the common man who lives psychologically from hand to mouth, from day to day, from little wish to little wish? Why do some of us long to conquer the air, create symphonies, organize vast enterprises, devise inventions, while others desire only to eat beefsteak and go to the movies afterward? Professor Pitkin has studied this question and writes sincerely and often brilliantly in formulating his answer. The book is made vivid by personality charts and biographical sketches and has blank diagrams which you can fill in if you wish to analyze your own or your friend's capacities for achievement.

One path to success, according to J. H. Denison is *The Enlargement of Personality* (Charles Scribner's Sons). According to Mr. Denison each of us possesses a portrait of the self which is the composite work of many artists. In fact the picture was begun by our ancestors, and the canvas has been painted in turn by our families, friends, associates. These portraits are not always true likenesses. Most of us are handicapped rather than helped by the outline which stares at us from some ill-fitting, gilded frame. The point of the book is that it's quite possible to formulate a different mental image of ourselves, and the thoughts and emotions produced by this new vision will actually transform us. Some centuries ago, a similar psychological truth appeared in the form of a proverb to the effect that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. But Mr. Denison is much more explicit than Solomon and in some respects a livelier writer.

Speaking of lively and intriguing writing, when it so happens that a college professor and an advertising expert decide to embark on a literary venture together, something interesting and perhaps exciting can happen. This has been the case in a recent work, *Strategy in Handling People,* by Messrs. Ewing T. Webb and John J. B. Morgan (Boulton, Pierce & Co.). The book has a gorgeous yellow jacket decorated by heads of the great and famous of the world and many golden texts set up in italics. In appearance the volume is as enthusiastically journalistic as any tabloid on the market. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably a useful as well as entertaining book. It might be summarized in a single line to the general effect that capacity to subordinate the ego and refrain from immediate and personal satisfactions is absolutely fundamental in making a success of human relations. We have noted with great pleasure that the book is inscribed to Elizabeth Jackson Webb who is responsible for having assembled an amazing and thoroughly delightful collection of pertinent biographical anecdotes.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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Fiction

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

Charlie Chan Carries On, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs, Merrill. Murders all around the world, and the engaging Chinaman solving the mystery. Reviewed October 1.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

Blowing Clear, by Joseph Lincoln: Appleton.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining protrait of the President as revealed in fifty years of intimate association. Reviewed June 25.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Letters of Henry Adams, edited by Worthington C. Ford: Houghton, Mifflin. Reviewed in this issue.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. Noteworthy history of America's most distinguished family. Reviewed June 18.

In This Issue

RAY T. TUCKER is the Washington correspondent of the New York *Telegram* and a regular contributor to the Outlook. His latest article was "Faithful Fess."

CLAUDE BRAGDON is well-known as an architect and author. Among his nine books are *Four Dimensional Vistas* and *Old Lamps for New.*

JERRY MAXWELL is employed in the department store of Saks & Co., New York, in the capacity of a buyer. As such she is in an excellent position to observe the effects of the tariff upon American women.

Next Week

Lord Birkenhead, by Rebecca West.

The first of a group of articles by the brilliant woman writer who is famous for searching analysis and penetrating observation. She tells why this outstanding Englishman was a great man—and why he was not!

Wet Strategy, by Jonathan Mitchell.

The author reviews the political aspects of the prohibition issue as the November elections approach and discusses the organizations ranged on the wet side in the light of their activities in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Massachusetts.

Foreigners are Queer, by Walter Brooks.

Although the different manners of foreign countries attract tourists, the author cannot understand the efforts of Germans to appear ferocious. Happily, he writes, this custom is dying out. So, unfortunately, are many charming German national traits.

Enforcement Limps Along, by Charles Merz.

In Part V of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz gives the attitude toward enforcement of Presidents Harding and Coolidge, and describes the up-hill work of the prohibition bureau whose hands were almost completely tied by Congress' refusal to appropriate sufficient funds.

The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

THE only two offerings of the past week worthy of anything resembling extended notice are both pieces adapted or concocted from books: *Bad Girl* and *Stepdaughters of War.* Before going on I might as well admit to a more than academic interest in this subject because I have myself written a dramatization of Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy* which Mr. Belasco has announced his intention of presenting later in the season (Adv.). My colleagues who say it can't be done successfully cause me harrowing qualms.

Bad Girl, Brian Marlow's and Vina Delmar's adaptation of the latter's novel, is definitely reassuring. It was, and is, in spite of its title, the story of a none too intelligent but normally emotional girl who lives with a man before they are married, accepts his prompt and honorable proposal the next morning, finds she is going to have a baby and is afraid, has it and is glad. There is the lesser theme of the stupid, inarticulate, but also lovable, husband who distrusts his honest reactions to the situation and thinks even after the child is born that the girl didn't want it and blames himself. Except for the accouchement scene, which is performed in silhouette behind a violet translucent curtain, the play and its presentation seemed to be honest, realistic, sincere and capable. The said childbirth scene I thought unnecessary and in the worst possible taste. The curtain was needless and misleading, as at the actual moment of delivery the stretcher was wheeled off-stage, and the more evil-minded who had been led to expect something pretty sensational—if only in shadowy outline—had every right to feel themselves cheated. That was a fault not in writing but in staging, for which, perhaps, the director and not the authors should be blamed. Apart from that lapse, there is nothing about the whole presentation which should shock any one who no longer believes in delivery by stork. From the welter of incidents in the novel, the authors have wisely concentrated on a few which serve to show truly and, I thought, dramatically, the essential humanity of the two young Bronx morons who get tangled up in "the facts of life." Sylvia Sidney and Paul Kelly, especially the latter, would be very hard to improve upon in the principal rôles.

Stepdaughters of War, however, must be set down as a point for the negative. Maybe it wasn't a good book to begin with. At any rate what Chester Erskin has given us as a presentation of Kenyon Nicholson's dramatization of Helen Zenna Smith's novel is monotonous and dreary. You might think that a play about women ambulance drivers which involves an air raid, an abortion, a real ambulance on the stage, the wounding of the hero so that his chances for paternity are non-existent, and what seems like a real rainstorm would be exciting. Well, it just isn't. Granted that to a lot of people the War was just a long grind at the end of which nothing seemed to matter, the idea is not especially novel. After *Journey's End, What Price Glory?,* etc., etc. and etc., to my mind only a new point of view justifies a war play. This, in spite of the fact that it's mainly about female ambulance drivers instead of male soldiers, *Stepdaughters of War* sadly lacks. Mr. Erskin's direction, meticulous as it is about mechanical effects, only serves to make the monotony of it all more apparent.

For a few all too brief minutes Bill Robinson, justly celebrated as the world's best tap-dancer, and a couple of dusky lads called Red and Struggy, are permitted to be their own irresponsible selves in *Brown Buddies.* Otherwise the show is just another Negro revue which apes all the less commendable features of the conventional Caucasian Broadway musical. True, it moves quickly and the band in the orchestra pit is a good deal better than most, but for this crabbed old observer of things theatrical that is not enough.

The season thus far seems to be following the paths of its predecessors. There are as usual a few—always too few, alas — merry and thoroughly delightful side trips; there are certain stretches of passable but carelessly constructed highway, and many a mile of rough and soul-shattering going.

Recommended Plays

Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook and good dancing.
Flying High: Still has the catchiest score in town and Bert Lahr to laugh at.
Mr. Gilhooley: Irish tragedy notable mainly because of Arthur Sinclair's superb performance.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental if you please, but delightful, too, and well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Horseplay about the movies. By far the season's funniest.
Strictly Dishonorable: Haven't you seen it yet?
That's Gratitude: By and with Frank Craven. A homely small town comedy.
The Green Pastures: The Pulitzer Prize play that deserved it. All Negro cast.
The Second Little Show: Excellent dancing, some comic interludes by Al Trahan, and Marion Harris.
Up Pops the Devil: Unpretentious but funny comedy about love and life in Greenwich Village.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Whoopee"

FOR some years now, Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld's stage shows have been done into films, but *Whoopee* is the first picture which the Glorifier of American Womanhood actually went to Hollywood to help produce. Unfortunately, except for Mr. Eddie Cantor, it is just about as dull as most screen musicals. Mr. Z's girls are beautiful and dance nicely, but frankly, flesh is flesh, and when I go to the movies I'd rather see one good Laurel and Hardy comedy than all the celluloid houris in Hollywood. As for Eddie Cantor—the truth is that many of his lines are too biological to get by movie censors, and have of course been left out. *Whoopee* was made from a musical show that was made from a play that was made from a book called *The Nervous Wreck* or something like that. I don't know where the man who wrote the book got his stuff. Possibly from a movie.

"Liliom"

The word having been passed around that the movie public was now interested in serious subjects, Fox dug up Franz Molnar's *Liliom* produced by the Theatre Guild some eight years ago, and got the lovely but very modern and American Rose Hobart, to appear. *Liliom,* in case you have forgotten, is the story of a bad-tempered and thankless barker in an amusement park—probably not far from Budapest—and a little servant girl who loved him in spite of all his faults. As a result of trying to hold up a bankroll messenger, he stabs himself, dies, and goes to Heaven where God gives him another chance. On the stage all this was done with considerable skill. But what did the Fox boys do with it? They jazzed up Heaven! According to the Fox studios, God Almighty (H. B. Warner in a tuxedo) rides about in a railroad train upholstered like an 1890 hotel and delivers a series of banal wisecracks and stupid puns, supposedly redolent with Divine wisdom. I don't see what more can be said about this celestial talkie. Bad taste is bad taste and neither Charles Farrell nor director Frank Borzage seem able to do anything about it. If I were Mr. Molnar I would go out and jump off something high.

"Her Man"

Frankie and Johnny (those same two who were lovers) have but recently been exploited on the stage, and this is, I believe, their first appearance on the screen. While the old ballad of St. Louis' colored red light district of 1899 has attained considerable vogue as a song for genteel people, I am afraid this movie, with its hell bent for heaven dance hall girl, is not so much. It is the old movie plot of the South American dance hall girl who wants to Get Away From It All and have a home and kiddies. Helen Twelvetrees is the girl and Philips Holmes is the sailor who finally salvages her. Ricardo Cortez is her lover. It's good enough in spots, but the plot has been worn threadbare for the past fifteen years.

"Madame Satan"

If Cecil deMille were really lascivious in his celluloid orgies, or at any time convincing in his dramatic situations, or the least bit terrifying in his wild adventures, I should be quite happy. I like claptrap as well as anybody, and sit goggle-eyed watching it—but there is no use pretending any longer that Cecil B. deMille is anything but an unmitigated bore. His latest fantasy ends up in a ballroom on board a Zeppelin, at the conclusion of which hundreds of dancers have to make parachute jumps. Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny are the principals, and the same lady who wrote the script for *The King of Kings,* wrote the story. Mr. deMille may have been a big bath-tub man in the days of silence, but now that his people talk they reveal themselves most alarmingly. The American people have become wise to the world, but deMille still thinks that closeups of bare legs are exciting.

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: D. W. Griffith's studious and worshipful film of Lincoln's life.
All Quiet on the Western Front: Remarque's book made into a devastating and magnificent picture.
Atlantic: Graphic sinking of an ocean liner with Britishers meeting death unmoved.
Outward Bound: An unusual picture about life after death—done with considerable dignity.
The Office Wife: Much better than it sounds—Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone.
What a Widow!: Gloria Swanson clowning about in a farce. No story, but lots of slick clothes.

Other New Films

Those Three French Girls: Advertised as a "farce," this is weighted with the usual movie "romance."
Heads Up: Charles "collar-ad" Rogers in a dull musical picture.
The Sea Wolf: Milton Sills' last film—Jack London's old sea story. (This was first made with Hobart Bosworth in 1913, then with Noah Beery in 1920, and later with Ralph Ince in 1925. It will probably be made again in 1935, 1940, 1945, 1950, etc.)

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

World-weary

AT HIS back the world, that he had lived in for seven years, was familiar and small. There was not a house in it that he did not know the look of by heart—the way it squatted on the ground or started back from the side-walk or leaned against the sky. There was not a day that he did not remember before it began. His meals, the rooms in his house, the people who went up and down the streets were always the same. And all the animals in the world—the hens laid eggs, the dogs barked, the horses pulled wagons, cats ran after mice, and cows gave milk. Always the same.

But in front of him, dark and lovely, rose the forest changing with every wind, where he might never go. Nobody planted things in it, nobody wasted his time weeding; yet the trees stood as tall and as magnificent as giant soldiers. And under their widespread arms the vines and flowers and bushes tumbled and rippled in the shadowed air like glittering water. What were they covering? Animals—that one talked about in whispers, shuddering. Birds! that one described with lifted eyes and in a singing voice.

The stone that he was sitting on was warm with sunshine, the familiar road was quiet at his feet and dusty. But he sat quite still reminding himself that he had never meant to go inside the forest, that all he had come this distance for . . .

He sprang up suddenly from the stone. Something was watching him, from the mystery opposite; there was a rustle among the leaves. Stillness. And suddenly visible from just behind a tree, a small white head with two long pointed ears. The boy and the little creature stared at each other, eyes bright with information. The boy flung out his arms. Already he could feel the pulse and softness of that small body in his hands. He bent his head and plunged into the forest.

The rabbit took three bounds in front of him and waited, while the boy lifted his head and breathed again. The air, this side that wall of leaves, was different, tingling cool and clear. Distantly, through a lacy net of green he saw the world that he had come from, sloping roofs and curling smoke, shining placidly in the sun like a blue and yellow picture on a wall. Already it was far off and unreal. He turned and stumbled toward the rabbit, and the rabbit, seeming to lift his ears with a knowing sort of promise, scuttled off into the bushes.

In the silence he stopped and listened. The rabbit was gone. The birds were gone. The trees, like flowering steeples high overhead, seemed carved upon the sky. There was a space about him the size of a room with berries growing low beside what should have been a door, for he had come in there.

All in a minute, this was the only house he knew, the only room he could find. He ate the berries, listening to the stillness, for it was suppertime. And then, because his legs were feeling as strange as the silence, he gathered some branches fallen from a fir-tree and lay down upon them. He had never felt like this before, as though he were too large now for his body, and his body much too small and frightened ever to hold on to him again. But after a time, still looking up, he saw that high upon a leaf a star was sitting quietly. And so, "One day," he counted for himself. And there was nothing to tell him what would be tomorrow.

Two days. Three days. Four days. He traveled through a new world, every one. He slept each night in a strange room, with a new roof to it, he found new berries to eat, and unknown roads down which he ran calling after padding footsteps. Sometimes he heard other voices—echoing—was it himself? Five days. Six. When he had lived seven days in strangeness he looked one minute and saw cows—and was afraid to move his eyes again.

Cows! Cows. He looked with all his body. His heart came bursting through his ribs to look at them. He came nearer, watching them flick their tails upon their sides (as he knew they would) cropping the grass with fixed eyes, standing patiently and chewing—as he expected.

His legs, too weak to hold up his excitement, let him down upon a stone, where he sat and stared, and carried his hand with berries in it to his mouth; still staring, and afraid to wink.

Still looking at them, he heard a voice calling. Was it his own? He tried it, but no sound came. The cows had brought some people, people who called and came to him—were carrying him.

He winked his eyes at last, and saw that it was real, and saw his world once more in front of him. And saw with wonder and delight that everything was just the same; and yet that nothing there would ever look the same again.

The Senate's Bad Boy

(Continued from Page 296)

seek it as a reporter in the city room of the Concord *Monitor*, then a country newspaper. But he continued to cherish a desire to visit the land whose lore had so attracted him, and he made his own opportunity with characteristic courage. When offered a political job by President Taft in 1908, he astounded Philander C. Knox, then Secretary of State, by spurning a postmastership and demanding nothing less than the prized post in the land of glory and grandeur.

There is a less romantic structure than the Acropolis, however, which cannot be neglected in any estimate of the Senator's public service, and that is

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of October 18, 1950

An extra dividend of $2.00 per share was paid Monday by the Women's Panatela Manufacturing and Marketing Corporation.

Pegler McGeehan Trevor, the newly appointed editor of the National Sports Magazine, won his journalistic spurs in 1930 as the editor of the Tom Thumb Golf Magazine which suspended publication in February, 1931.

Keen interest was attracted this week by the first showing of the aerial motion pictures, taken by the amalgamated Newsreel Co., of the volcanic eruption that destroyed the Goethal Locks of the Nicaragua Canal.

the Amoskeag woolen mill at Manchester, N. H. One of the largest textile plants in the United States, it is the principal importer of coaltar dyes. So that when Moses speaks or scurries through committee rooms for excessive tariffs on the manufactured article and no duties on dyestuffs, he is then serving as a political pleader for the Amoskeag rather than a sentimentalist moved by memories of a dilapidated, uninhabited and unproductive building 6,000 miles across the sea. Despite the closeness of their official and unofficial relations, Knox once declared that the Senator from New Hampshire approached the problem of dyes from the viewpoint of the "Dolly Varden calico mills of New England." And if there ever comes a moment when Moses must make a choice in his loyalties, it is quite certain that F. C. Dumain, owner of the Amoskeag, will win out over the unfranchised Pericles. Nevertheless, it is of compelling interest that this Colossus of conservatism should stand with one

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dainty foot on the Acropolis and the other on the Amoskeag.

When the newly-organized Republican "Young Guard," panicky lest his "wild jackass" address alienate the West, set out to oust him as campaign manager, they discovered that the Progressives would not join them. The Keans, Vandenbergs, Allens and Hastings group were impolitely informed that the "wild jackasses" would prefer to do business with a forthright individual such as Moses than with some of the "stuffed shirts" who sought to unseat him. Only recently he imposed his will on the Senate by participating in debate from the chair, but there was no retaliation. Indeed, he challenged the Senate to elect another presiding officer if it disliked his ruling, but Johnson, who had voiced the protest, broke into a sympathetic smile at Moses's exhibition of official impertinence.

THE Senator's political skill, however, appears to be purely mental and mechanical; he is a fixer rather than a framer of policies and programs. Politics, to him, is as much a matter of moves and countermoves as is a game of chess. For him there seem to be no emotional or spiritual values, and therefore he cannot understand or stir up any sympathy for the "wild jackasses." It is significant that he won his first election to the Senate by abandoning a primary contest in which he seemed destined for defeat and seeking a vacancy to be filled by convention action. In the primary he would have been at the mercy of the populace whom he distrusts and despises, whereas in the convention he found himself in a friendly and familiar atmosphere. Long before Harry M. Daugherty predicted Harding's midnight nomination by a few bosses in a "smoke-filled room," Moses had visualized a similar scene from which his candidate was to emerge victorious. If anything, the New Hampshire Senator's vision was the more realistic.

In parochial politics, however, he is expert, as indeed he ought to be. He walked straight from Dartmouth to the office of a newspaper reverenced by Republican politicians of New Hampshire. Though a brilliant reporter and editor, he turned down numerous offers from metropolitan dailies so that he could stay close to native, political soil. Through service as secretary to two Governors and membership on state and municipal commissions of forestry and education he developed ripe friendships with local podestas. His chief mentor was William E. Chandler, then Senator and owner of the *Monitor*, and Moses learned his lessons well from this veteran, who is still remembered at Washington as "the wasp" and denounced by Democrats as the instigator of the theft of ballots that elected Hayes over Tilden.

His constituency obviously takes pride in his outbreaks and the attention they attract, and it is a fact that they look upon him as a commercial asset. It would appear that they possess his ability to appreciate a joke, though he takes pains never to perpetrate one on them. In fact, he drops his air of well-tailored dandyism and man-of-the-world manner upon his visits to Concord, where he soon settles down in the armchair restaurant near the depot or in the lobby of the Eagle Hotel.

Though one might not suspect it, Moses sprang from the people. His Baptist clergyman-father, moving from the Senator's birthplace at Lubec, Maine, to Eastport and thence to Franklin, N. H., could not afford to fulfill the boy's ambition to attend college, and the latter went to work early. He added to the family budget by working in a sardine factory, by waiting on hotel tables in the summertime, by teaching country school and by selling—prophetic occupation—"Houghton's Patent Political Reversible Maps."

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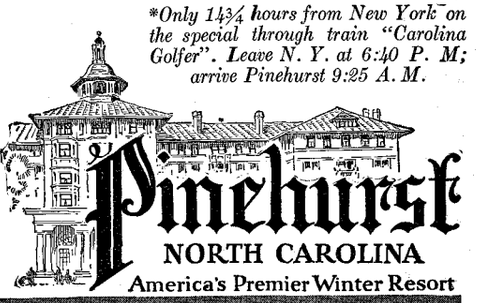

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The Concert Season Opens

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

AS THE autumn leaves wither and die, the new-born concert season comes into being. This year's calendar is, as usual, a formidable one. First, the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra looms on the horizon with a vast number of concerts under at least three conductors. We shall have the Boston band with the usual ten performances under Serge Koussevitzki, who has hewn himself a lofty niche among those of our music lovers who care for programs striking a fair balance between the classics and such modern works as possess sufficient merit to outlive the rhapsodies of the intelligentsia. Then, too, we shall hear again the exquisite tone quality of the Philadelphians, led by the always interesting Mr. Stokowski, whose really first-rank conducting enables the wise to forget all the posturings, spotlights, and histrionic scoldings of those members of his audiences who show sufficient interest in the music to express approval or, perchance, —alas!—the reverse. Mr. Stokowski will undoubtedly gladden us with some more of those modern four dimensional scores in which the first dimension so ruthlessly overrides the other three.

The Friends of Music, as always, will enable us to hear interesting and unfamiliar works for choral and orchestra, ably handled by Mr. Bodanzky. In spite of a slightly social atmosphere, these concerts fill a real void.

Mr. Hadley, with his well-organized Manhattan Symphony Orchestra, announces a series of ten Sunday nights. Mr. Hadley is an excellent and experienced musician, and, with the fine material at his command, should produce results well worth while. Probably also, the Conductorless Symphony Orchestra; should these latter concerts not take place, the desire for them may be gratified by attending sundry performances at the Metropolitan Opera House along the lines, for instance, of their memorable *Carmen* of last season.

Thursday night the Philharmonic made its initial bow of the season under the baton (when he employs one) of Erich Kleiber, a German guest conductor new to our public. Mr. Kleiber presented a program both tried and true and did it in a manner for the most part highly to his credit. It was well worth the price of admission to hear a young German conductor who had enough respect for his art to refrain from all mannerisms and theatrical gestures, preferring to have the audience understand that his work had all been done at rehearsals. Beneath his unassuming manner, Mr. Kleiber has a polished technique, a clear beat, and obtains a tone of fine clarity. He attains a large sonority in forte passages while refraining from any forcing of tone. His deficiencies seem to lie in the lower dynamic ranges; one listened in vain for the delicate *piano* of which the orchestra is so superbly capable, and which was particularly missed in the wistful coda of *Till Eulenspiegel*. His interpretations, in general, showed a slight leaning toward the matter-of-fact. However, it was his début, and many good qualities are already self-evident. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony received an excellent performance, in which Mr. Kleiber had the temerity to make the composer the principal point of interest.

Mr. Kleiber is, in short, distinctly a conductor worth hearing and his future performances may be awaited with interested anticipation.

The orchestra is still the same splendid band. Such horn playing, for example, as was done in the introduction to the *Freischutz* is but rarely heard. Perhaps the string tone has not yet quite reached the full brilliancy which it will later attain.

Congress Dodges Enforcement

(Continued from Page 305)

Service regulations, but nothing happened. Congress adjourned. The law limped on.

IF A tourist in Washington had gone to the Capitol in the early days of 1924, led there by his interest in the fourth anniversary of a national crusade, he might have been fortunate enough to hear a ringing demand for law enforcement made on the floor of the Senate or the House. If he had visited the Office Buildings which flank the Capitol on either side, he would unquestionably have been told by at least two of every three Congressmen with whom he talked that prohibition was the law of the land, that it represented the settled convictions of the American people and that Congress was resolved to leave no stone unturned in its effort to enforce the law.

All this, if the tourist were a friend of prohibition, would have been immensely cheering. If he had gone to the House or the Senate Document Room, however, to discover precisely how many stones Congress had upturned, in its interest in enforcement, he would have been told that only one bill bearing in any way on the question of prohibition in the United States had been made a law in the first four years of this experiment: the Willis-Campbell bill to prevent doctors from prescribing beer. If he had gone to the Congressional Library to discover how much interest Congress had shown in such problems as the prosecution of prohibition cases in the courts, the regulation of industrial alcohol, the prevention of illicit distilling and the division of authority between Washington and the States, he might have studied the pages of the Congressional Record for a year without finding any evidence of a serious discussion of such questions.

So completely had Congress avoided these larger problems of enforcement that even an amateur investigator with an hour to spare in the Congressional Library would have been tempted to suspect that the design was scarcely accidental. As a matter of fact, this avoidance of the larger problems of enforcement was the deliberate policy of Congress, undertaken with the approval of its most important prohibition leaders. These leaders had always advised Congress to adopt a policy of caution. They had favored the omission of any reference to "use" or "purchase" in the Eighteenth Amendment. They had willingly accepted Mr. Wheeler's estimate of five million dollars as ample for enforcement. They had advised a policy of caution in appropriations in the first years of the law. They still advised a policy of caution in the early months of 1924.

When a proposal was made, precisely at this time, for a sweeping investigation into every phase of the problem of enforcement, it was the dry leaders in Congress who discouraged the idea that such an investigation could possibly be useful. "In view of the marvelous achievements of the prohibition enforcement unit," said Senator Sheppard, author of the Eighteenth Amendment, "a general investigation would be worse than useless—a waste of funds and energy and time. Instead of a resolution of investigation, the unit should have a vote of thanks[32]."

Other leading prohibitionists in Congress echoed this opinion. "The fact is," said Senator Willis of Ohio, "that the effect of the inquiry proposed . . . is exactly the thing which every person in this country who is opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment and to its ob-

32. *Congressional Record*, 68th Congress, 1st Session, p. 3237.

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ervation and enforcement would desire. What could better operate to paralyze the forces of law enforcement than such an inquiry as is here proposed[33]?"

At first thought this would seem to be a curious argument to be made by friends of prohibition: the argument hat it would paralyze enforcement to nd out what was wrong with it. In eality, however, this was strategically sound position for the friends of the aw to take. A searching investigation nto the record of enforcement would ave been bound to have unfortunate esults. It would have produced evilence to show that in certain respects nforcement was casual and superficial, a matter of pretense rather than of fact. Such evidence would have injured the prestige of the law itself. It would have armed critics of the law with a new weapon. It would have challenged Congress to accept the logic of its own position and in the face of a considerable body of hostile opinion to embark upon an uncompromising program of enforcement, whatever its cost and whatever risks it might involve.

Far safer than such a leap into the dark was the policy which Congress had pursued to date: a cautious policy of skirting the real problems of enforcement and saving its thunder for the aliens and the diplomats, of calling for strict enforcement and meantime economizing on appropriations which might have been unwelcome to the public, of blaming the States for their failure to take aggressive action and meantime setting the States a perfect example of inaction.

It seems clear, in fact, that Congress had worked out for itself by 1924 a position with which it was well satisfied. It was, on the whole, a comfortable position, far more satisfactory to the average member of the majority than his position had ever been in the anxious days before 1917, when Congress was badgered by both wets and drys.

The wets were out of the running now. The drys might file an anxious protest now and then, but they were effectively estopped from any real rebellion by their desire to pronounce the law an unqualified success. Meantime, Congress itself had abundant freedom from all worry, a new type of patronage with which to build up political machines at home and plenty of opportunity to make speeches about patriotism, good citizenship and unswerving loyalty to the Constitution.

This was more than a comfortable position. It was very near ideal.

(To be continued)

33. *Ibid.*, p. 3234.

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